

POEMS:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

VOL. I.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



P O E M 2:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN

VOL. I.



[Printed at Stationers' Hall]

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P O E M S: 28

BY K

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

(John Williams)
V O L. I.



Plus apud me ratio valebit, quam vulgi opinio.

L O N D O N:

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P O E M S

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ANTHONY PASQUIN

1710



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BRITISH
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TO THE
Right Honorable WILLIAM PITT.

SIR,

UNIMPELLED by the common suggestions of self-interest, I have prefixed your name to the following poems; it is not meanly to solicit the smiles of a minister—I disdain the idea.—

It would not become me to step from the pedestal of manhood, to claim that, which, if we may judge from consequences, is the peculiar privilege of the children of Knavery and Ideotism, who drink inordinately at the fountain of patronage, and exhaust those streams which were certainly instituted by Providence to succour the progeny of Wisdom and Virtue.

My motive is palpable and honorable — to offer the only mark of respect within my power to a man, who has firmly proved himself, in an hour of much peril, the POLITICAL SAVIOUR OF THE CONSTITUTION AND CREDIT OF THIS EMPIRE!

I am, Great Sir,

And (what is more to your credit,) I am, Good Sir,

Your most respectful servant,

And grateful fellow subject,

Anthony Pasquin.

No. 125, STRAND,

April 7th, 1789.

Vol. I.

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COMMEN-

THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT POEM OF THE CRUCIFIXION
OF THE
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT POEM OF THE CRUCIFIXION

THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT POEM OF THE CRUCIFIXION
OF THE

As glowing amber fills the vessels drawn
From the deep mine, so from the mine of pain
The Polish'd vessel, subjects raise
A nobler theme thy talents should engage
To banish the thought—forget to pain the muse

Leave Politicians to their busy wiles
The Muses count thee with their sweetest smiles
The powers of Martial's pointed page are thine
The strength of Juvenal's in every line
Shun from your mind St. Bernard's and the hawk
Your broader subjects—let your verse be low
On sounding virtues—let your verse be low
Lest the deep vice, but never more the man
To a moral truth and honest love combine
To join the beauties of the loquacious line
To the voice of truth, let the double channel flow
To the voice of truth, let the double channel flow

THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT POEM OF THE CRUCIFIXION
OF THE

COMMENDATORY POEMS.*

*To the AUTHOR of the elegant Poem of the CHILDREN
of THESPIS.*

BANISH the thought—forbear to paint the stage,
A nobler theme thy talents should engage;
Thy polish'd verses trivial subjects raise,
And wond'rous place them in the line of praise:
Names which from thee their only merit draw,
As glowing amber lifts the worthless straw.

Leave Politicians to their mazy wiles,
The Muses court thee with their sweetest smiles:
The powers of Martial's pointed page are thine,
The strength of Juvenal's in every line:
Shut from your mind St. Stephens, and the stage,
Seize broader subjects—CASTIGATE THE AGE.
Our fading virtues—fatal passions scan,
Lash the deep vice, but never name the man.
Let moral truth and social love combine,
To spin the beauties of the lengthen'd line:
With works like these assert thy doubtless claim,
To live recorded in the roll of Fame.

Our

* At the instance of some valuable friends, of high estimation in the world of literature, I consented to have these poetical compliments annexed to the Poems, which have appeared in the different periodical publications, signed with real names.

Our children's children o'er thy honour'd dust,
 Shall raise the sculptur'd tomb and laurell'd bust;
 Inscribe the stone with monumental woe,
 While the big tears in gushing torrents flow!

" Here lies the man—methinks the verse recites—

" Whose pen reforms us, and whose page delights;

" Virtue and Wit most nobly were combin'd

" Within the mansion of his glowing mind;

" Unaw'd by menaces, by bribes unbought,

" He dare be every thing that manhood aught:

" Whene'er the wounds of Vice his pen reveals,

" Pours the soft balm, and, as he pours, he heals!

—" His volume calls—go—read with mental eye,

" 'Twill teach thee how to live—and how to die!"

WEST DUDLEY DIGGES

W. WHITE

T O

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, cantusque moveite. VIR

FOR thee, O PASQUIN! whose satiric strain,
(Replete with attic salt, and just disdain,)
Strikes shame and terror to the guilty heart,
And, daring Folly, wounds in ev'ry part:
For thee the virgins of the choir divine,
Th' immortal goddesses, the sacred nine,
From Helicon's embow ring heights repair,
To bless thy labours, and attend thy pray'r;
To thee, the scourge of Folly they entrust,
As Juvenal severe, as Persius just.
Astræas friends, with joy, thy justice own,
While Vice is tott'ring on her brilliant throne;
The sons of Dulness sink beneath thy force,
And Arrogance eludes thy dreaded course!
Still more admir'd than CRURCHILL shalt thou be,
A brighter fire than CHURCHILL's glows in thee!
Proceed, great bard, all meaner things disdain,
And give a loose to thy satiric vein;
Lash Error, Folly, Vice, reform the Stage,
And blaze the Flaccus of the present age.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 10, 1789.

W. WHITBY.

V E R S E S
TO
ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

THE BRITISH MARTIAL.

HAIL to the bard whose bold and manly lay,
Warms as it flows with a resistless sway!
With powers increasing may his genius rove
" O'er the sad ills that wait illicit love!"
Lamented CARGILL! * lost, but not forgot,
The feeling bard has sung thy hapless lot,
And thus recorded thy sad tale will stand
A lesson to the daughters of our land.
The child of Virtue in a distant age
Shall strike her bosom as she meets the page;
Then, sweetly smiling, through the trembling tear,
Shall own that guilt, and only guilt, can fear.

Long may my PASQUIN glow with honest rage,
Long lash the idle flutt'ers of the age:
Long may the richness of his mind expand,
At once the pride and terror of the land.
Those hearts too light to hear the private friend,
'Tis only public satire can amend:
Then still proceed, my PASQUIN, rush along,
In all the thund'ring eloquence of song.

View

* Alluding to her character in the second part of the Children of Thespis.

View Vice and Folly shrinking from thy lay;
View Reformation mark thy glorious way:
Thy pen, the lancet, strike at all around,
Extract the core, and Time will heal the wound:
To crush the giant villainies be thine,
View Folly reddened, paler Guilt repine,
Stung by the just rebuke which marks thy nervous line. }

In ev'ry age keen satire's wholesome spring
Has heal'd the wounds of prejudice's sting:
Pure is its stream, its glassy surface flows
Clear as the day, and every foible shews:
Its genial influence mental health imparts,
The richest medicine for corrupted hearts.
Its waters clear the sickly mists away,
That, rising, check the force of Wisdom's ray;
While brighten'd Reason, beaming o'er the mind,
Exulting views each faculty refin'd.

THOMAS BELLAMY.

TO MY FRIEND,
ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

On reading the first part of the CHILDREN of THESPIS.

RESISTLESS bard! by ev'ry Science own'd,
Thou shalt be universally renown'd!
In PASQUIN's toils we more than Churchill see;
The fire of Dryden is reviv'd in thee.
With exquisite delight, my eye explores,
Thy glowing fancy's inexhaustible stores;
Well may you tread all competition down:
Originality is all your own.
More wit, more learning, has not ravish'd men,
Since Butler's Hudibras escap'd his pen.
With wondrous power is the texture wrought;
Each line's an epigram, each word is thought.
Go on, and dignify this sinking age;
Make Folly fly before thy generous rage;
Nobly avail yourself of Phœbus smiles,
And prop the virtues of the queen of isles.

FREDERICK PILON.
HOTEL D'YORKE, PARIS, May 3, 1787.

O D E

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

PASQUIN, can nought thy daring pen impede,
Or stem the venom of thy critic gall?
Shall thy effusions make whole legions bleed,
And thou sit smiling as their numbers fall?

By heaven ! I'll probe thee to the heart's warm core,
If Thespis hurl again his satire round,
E'en thy existence, by the gods, I've sworn,
To bring, by strength famonian, to the ground !

For know, that giants should with giants vie,
And such art thou, magnanimous and proud,
Disdaining all who give thy works the lie,
And spurning those who've threaten'd vengeance
loud.

Say, shall thy haughty and indignant quill
Hurl barbed shafts, speak Reputation's death ?
No ! I'll annihilate thy savage will,
And stop the course of thy infectious breath !

The

The fires of Ætna shall awhile be mine,
To set thy satires in a general blaze,
And from thy ashes rebuild Folly's shrine,
That ideots may upon the structure gaze.

Imperious tyrant, doth my threats affright
Thy yet ungovern'd and undaunted soul?
Or, rather, fill thee with renew'd delight,
Such as when Paris lovely Helen stole.

Yes: far eternal warfare is thy sport,
With those who will not own thy iron sway,
For monarchs fear, and queens thy graces court,
And all the Thespian tribe thy nod obey.

WILLIAM UPTON.

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

JUST Satyrift, thy fruitful theme pursue,
Still hold the mirror up to Folly's view :
To her vain eyes each glaring fault disclose,
That she may blush such errors to expose ;
But shrinking from the public gaze retire
To some rude barn, where gaping fools admire.
There let her strut, with buskin'd pride elate,
Start, stare, rave, die, in mock heroics great.
Or if in antic mood the sock she wears,
Though her broad front beneath the mask appears,
The loud applause from Ignorance she'll gain,
In all that gives sense, taste, and judgment pain,
Still, PASQUIN, in the noble task engage,
Till Folly's driven from the British stage.
Yet, not to Satire is thy pen confin'd,
True Panegyric shews a generous mind,
By liberal sentiment and taste refin'd. }
Where excellence broke forth with dazzling rays,
That excellence obtain'd thy glowing praise,
And modest merit with soft lustre shines,
Set to advantage in thy charming lines.
Truth will approve, and brilliant Wit admire
A work that emulation must inspire,
And envious scribblers must in vain oppose,
While only Vice and Folly are thy foes.

J. BUTLER.

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A P O E T I C

P

H

A
POETIC EPISTLE,
FROM
GABRIELLE D'ESTREES
TO
HENRY THE FOURTH.

" L'Amour baigne des plaisirs qu'il repand auprès d'elle,

" Au jour qu'elle fuyoit tendrement la rapelle.

HENRIADE Chap. IX.

Vol. I.

A

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T O T H E
Honorable THOMAS ERSKINE.

S I R,

WALKING in the gardens of
MARLI, I took up a book, which had been left on
one of the seats; on perusal, I found it to contain a
beautiful little Poem on the Loves of HENRY
THE FOURTH, of France, and his accomplished
GABRIELLE: as I thought the subject interest-
ing and tender, I have partially translated it, and
beg leave to inscribe it to you, as a tributary offer-
ing of my respect. I have borrowed no more from
POINSONET than the simple basis of the story;
the imagery is my own. I should not have given you
this trouble, if you had not dignified a liberal pro-
fession by your immeasurable ability, and adorned
human nature by your existence.

I am, S I R,

With great Regard,

Your most obedient servant,

Anthony Pasquin.

No. 35, Great Marlborough-street,
December 5, 1789.

THE LIFE OF THE LATE THOMAS FARRER

ARGUMENT.
 The story of Henry the Fourth and Cardinal Beaufort is
 the most famous in English history. It is a story of
 a King who reigned in the midst of a civil war, and
 a Cardinal who fought him in the name of the Pope.
 Henry was a man of great energy and courage, and
 Beaufort was a man of great ability and ambition.

UNGRATEFUL man! as me, what need I
 have drawn that sentence from my wandring mind
 Come, my bright hero, discharge thy sword
 Come, and strike me from an early tomb
 Behold thy Carrion's wretched dog
 Affraye her grief, and indignate her care
 An' whether has that manly bosom shed
 Where Carrion's once could couch her guilty head
 Can souls so mighty bid our ill be done
 And would the object were my sole revenge

It may not appear necessary to me to mention that
 Thomas Farrer was a great and good man. He was
 Master of Artillery, and was celebrated for his
 skill in the use of the great Cannon. He was a
 brave and generous man, and was loved by all
 who knew him. He was a great friend to the
 poor, and was always ready to help them in
 their distress. He was a great man, and his
 life was a great example to all of us.

P O E T I C E P I S T L E, &c.

A R G U M E N T.

The Loves of Henry the Fourth and Gabrielle D'Estrees are too well known to render any prefatory account necessary—The King deserted Gabrielle, by the advice and intreaties of Mornay—Gabrielle fought him in vain, at length she gives way to her excessive grief, and writes to her seducer.

U N G R A T E F U L man ! ah me, what fiend unkind,
Has drawn that sentence from my wand'ring mind ;
Come, my bright hero, dissipate my gloom,
Come and arrest me from an early tomb :
Behold thy * G A B R I E L L E 's sublime despair,
Assuage her grief, and subjugate her care.
Ah ! whither has that manly bosom fled,
Where G A B R I E L L E once could couch her guilty head ?
Can souls so mighty bid our ills increase,
And wound the object when they've stole her peace ;

* It may not appear unnecessary for me to mention here, that G A B R I E L L E D'ESTREES was the grand-daughter of the Grand Master of Artillery ; — she was celebrated, in her time, under the title of the FAIR G A B R I E L L E — she was young, sensible, and alluring : she loved and protected the arts, which is a very agreeable circumstance to note, when we record the actions of a lady who commanded the affections of a king. — *Vide the HENRIADE ; Memoirs of SULLY ; Epistle of M. BLIN, &c.*

Shorn of her honors, of each good bereft,
 Can you disdain me who perform'd the theft?
 Can Love desert his fainting victim's cause,
 Who knew her error when the sign'd his laws?
 Can HENRY cease to be the man he ought,
 Why will he yield me to the sting of thought?
 Superior Greatness hails him as his own,
 And Glory plac'd him on her choicest throne.
 But yet I sigh, and he that sigh foregoes,
 I seek his presence, and he flies my woes:
 I breathe my sorrows, and he scoffs my fears,
 I claim protection, and he shuts his ears.
 Proscrib'd from happiness alone I live,
 Pant to bestow, yet want the means to give:
 While Mis'ry cheats my sense in ev'ry view,
 And sickens nature with a deadly hue.

Ah my poor heart! what black ideas rise,
 To rive thy core, and inundate my eyes!
 Oft have I labour'd to defend thy seat,
 From the rude pressure of unhallow'd feet:
 Some nymph more favor'd feels within his arms,
 Her o'ercharg'd bosom heave with Love's alarms;
 Some beauteous hireling smiling, to betray,
 Some Phryne rais'd, the mistress of a day!
 Can Infamy have fetter'd in her den,
 The first of lovers, and the best of men?
 Can her base relatives have known the art,
 To soil the chambers of so great a heart?

It

It must be thus, my spoiler's insincere,
 Our faith remov'd, we fancy what we fear.
 And can I bear so eminent an ill?
 Should not my vengeance execute my will?
 Oh gracious heaven! sanctify my thought,
 Subdue the impulse Desperation wrought;
 Impress thy canons on my troubled breast,
 Compose my rage, and wed my soul to rest.

The lawless libertine may rove, and find
 Some nymph more fair, but can he one so kind?
 By soft attractions, and ingenious mirth,
 I brought the transport ere his wish had birth;
 Explor'd with industry the paths to please,
 And fought his blis by nice yet just degrees;
 To meet his mind with real zeady I ran,
 And lost the monarch, as I lov'd the man.

My daring will, in this perturbed state,
 Rebels and doubts the equity of fate;
 'Tis hard to act obedient to those laws,
 Which makes th' event superior to the cause:
 Religion's children bid me be resign'd,
 But want the powers to enchain the mind.
 Pour forth the moral with a lib'ral hand,
 When all the passions war with their command;
 Enforce my penitence, with holy zeal,
 And prove, by reasoning, they could never feel.

Thus Sappho swept the melancholy lyre,
 Who saw the embers of her hope expire;
 When cruel Phaon fled the love-sick fair,
 And left his weeping mistress to Despair.

In those detested fields where *MORNAY led,
 My royal hero from his GABRIELLE'S bed;
 Where Death and Horror fought by †MAYENNE'S side,
 Where bigots trembled, and where rebels died;
 I'll seek my monarch, mid the din of war,
 Upbraid his fallhood, and assail his car;
 Sing of my grief and shame to vulgar ears,
 And wet his blooming laurels with my tears:
 How I bestrew the features of my theme,
 With words th' apparent issue of a dream!

Untoward

* DU PLESSIS DU MORNAY was one of the first Philosophers of his age: he possessed the confidence of HENRY THE FOURTH, in preference to AUBIGNY and the DUC DE ROAN; it was he who carried a white sein to London, by virtue of which, he treated with QUEEN ELIZABETH, and succeeded as to the point of his embassy. — It is remarkable, that he never pardoned his master for having changed his religion after the reduction of Paris, but he confessed it to be the only weakness of which he ever knew him guilty—he was called the father of the Hugonots, and died in the same faith.

† MAYENNE was younger brother to the famous DUC OF GUISE, assassinated at Blois, and of CARDINAL LORENAIS, murdered likewise before the eyes of CATHERINE of MEDICIS, on account of his being cousin to the unfortunate MARY STUART, queen of France and Scotland, celebrated for her beauty, her irregular passions and execution in the castle of Fotheringhay: what a complication of misfortunes to happen in one family in less than half a century. MAYENNE was excusable, if it was possible

Untoward Mis'ry leads my sense along,
Repels my wish, and amplifies my song:
For you, ungen'rous man, for you I've trod
On Honor's apothegms, and brav'd my God!

What has uprais'd a conduct so unkind,
Is Fortune faithless, or is HENRY blind?
Say can he hear his GABRIELLE implore,
And scorn the nymph who breathes but to adore?
Have I no advocate within his heart,
No kindred sylph to take a lover's part;
To touch with sympathy its tenderest chord,
And wake the memory of Gallia's Lord;
Who taught his slave variety of pain,
Madden'd my intellects, and bruis'd my brain.
Can Wit's suggestions square with Fate's decree,
When what should not is destin'd thus to be?
Oh strike me Death, while yet on Reason's brink!
While yet my mind retains the gift to think:

possible to be so, when bearing arms against his lawful king; for he had had two brothers murdered, and a cousin abandoned to the vengeance of a powerful rival: for what reason HENRY THE THIRD, who was at Blois, where he commanded the states to assemble, did not proceed in form to convict the two rebels of high treason is astonishing, but they were lost, and the nation remained unsatisfied: such an act of prudence would have stopt that vast effusion of blood which was the unhappy consequence of the league: but HENRY put no faith in his counsellors or ministers—his favorites alone were his guides, he thought of nothing beside the gratification of his desires—he forgot or despised the laws, and was, what he deserved to be, finally their victim.

How oft has HENRY sigh'd when *BELLEGARDE came,
 And fear'd my heart indulg'd a double flame ;
 His anxious dread of what could never be,
 Affail'd his rest, but solac'd Love and me ;
 When recreant man can break Suspicion's chain ;
 The tears of Beauty gush and flow in vain ;
 Weak and half-fashion'd are the bosom's ties,
 When Cupid's minion Jealousy defies ;
 The green-ey'd demon haunts th' impetuous youth,
 To shake his quiet, but to prove his truth.

Tho' BELLEGARDE once could languish and admire,
 The force of duty damp'd his raging fire ;
 MAYENNE's dread victor, who the traitor slew,
 Warr'd with his will, and e'en himself o'erthrew ;
 Ere the warm summer of my life began,
 I knew, I reverenc'd the god-like man ;
 From him I learn'd at gen'rous deeds to glow,
 From him I gather'd all the good I know ;
 My eager fancy fed on all he taught,
 Who prun'd th' exuberance of pregnant thought.

The

* The Dux de BELLEGARDE, Marshal of France, and Master of the Horse ; he was the favorite of Henry and in his exterior, the most amiable Lord of all his court ; it was by his means that the King first knew GABRIELLE, with whom he suspected BELLEGARDE to have entertained the same sort of connexion in spite of his attachment—to understand this subject properly, you should read *Les Amours du Grande Alcande*, a sort of romance written by a Princess of Conti and in which these circumstances are related with an air of truth.

The wild ideas of my youth refin'd,
 And blaz'd a heav'n-born sunshine on my mind!
 Young, active, valiant, bound with Glory's meeds,
 He saw, and strove to imitate your deeds:
 Can you that favourite uncandid deem,
 Who, copying HENRY, won my warm esteem?
 His pains, his pleasures, like a brother's came,
 And touch'd the trembling system of my frame:
 When the deep tale had summon'd joy or woe,
 My bosom flutter'd, or the tear would flow:
 'Twas Gratitude, not Love, that sped the dart,
 Which smote the Guardians who defend my heart:
 If this was weakness, be its stings no more;
 The error's venial, and the cause is o'er:
 But Charity should temper human skill,
 Whene'er the Judgment scans the female will.

Thrice happy vassalage, exempt from pains,
 When Passion's offspring smooth Affection's chains:
 When Reason's more intent to serve than sway,
 And all the birth of strife is who'll obey.

Oh ye *, whose pure and enviable state,
 Bears a broad shield against the ills of Fate;
 Ye virgin sisterhood, whom Love unites,
 Whom heaven approves, and Innocence delights,

* GABRIELE is here supposed to quit her pen, and address herself to the *Religieuses de l'Abbaye Royale*, where she had received the early part of her education.

Let Thought, for what I was, pervade each breast,
 Implore your God to give me back to Rest.
 Assail the throne of Meroy with your sighs,
 That Peace may dry the riv'lets of these eyes:
 That Faith may vindicate her hallow'd reign,
 And still the fever of each throbbing vein.
 While Commerce goads her babbling crouds along,
 While Pleasure carols her tumultuous song,
 Untouch'd by all the flatteries of the gay,
 Serenely sweet, your beings pass away,
 By pallid Care's rebellion unoppress'd,
 As Time's Calm movements leads you to the blest;
 No evil taints the tablets of your mind,
 Tho' social anguish tortures human kind:
 Thus *Leman's glassy lake unsullied glides,
 While the fierce Rhone runs roaring with his tides.

Ah
 * This is an allusion to the Lake of the City of Geneva, whose walls are washed by the furious Rhone; the Lake is more than forty leagues in circumference: they have named the progress of the Rhone here, *Le fleuve bleu*, being the colour of its waves, they are palpably separated from those of the Lake, which are of a clear brown, like the Mediterranean, in a calm—the Rhone precipitates itself with wonderful rapidity, but without mixing, in the smallest degree, with the water of the Lake, which is always tranquil—this curious spectacle is not confined to the Lake of Geneva; as the Rhone at Lyons, where it unites with the Saone, flows nearly half a league, before you are able to perceive the rivers in union—that river, which the Poets have rendered famous, under the name of the nymph Arethusa, empties itself thus into the bosom of the Sea at Sicily: to have a proper idea of this, you should read those fine verses in the *Henriade*, which begin thus:

Belle Arethuse, ains ton onde fortunée, &c.

Ah me, my HENRY — curse my truant sense,
 That mocks my wish, and strengthens my offence!
 Thy full-blown merits swim before my eyes,
 Thy vision blots the axioms of the wise,
 Imagination, with a keen delight,
 Brings you incessantly to cheat my sight:
 Oh! I remember, but that time is past,
 The mighty joy was too sublime to last,
 When you deny'd all bliss but GABRIELE'S love;
 And woo'd and won me like another love!
 When subtle Cupids, to their mission true,
 Remov'd the helmet from my hero's view:
 Then on my panting breast would HENRY sigh,
 As mortal Vanity in tears past by:
 Then would you give a licence to your thought,
 And utter thus, what every Monarch ought,
 My fever'd soul abhors the tented plain,
 That's crimson'd o'er by Gallia's children slain:
 I smite the land, I'm eager to protect,
 With zeal implore them, and with pain correct:
 Let by *D'AUMALE, they seek the hostile deed,
 Oppose my standard, but opposing bleed:
 Unhappy men, to combat with their peace,
 And drown that voice, which bids their sorrows cease:

What

*The CHEVALIER D'AUMALE, was brother to the Duke of the
 same name; an impetuous young man, but possessed of many
 noble qualities: he was constantly seen at the head of all the
 parties which sallied from Paris, during the siege.

What tribute would you wish to prove my mind,
 To Love to HENRY I have all resign'd;
 Bellona proudly combats by your side,
 And Victory leads you like a ductile guide:
 To both coequal in success and arms,
 You raise, you regulate the wars alarms;
 In that enlanguin'd, desolated field,
 Where frantic myriads were taught to yield;
 Where reddning Arrogance with Horror fled,
 And haughty LORRAINE, with his legions, bled;
 Your firm battalions, with redoubt'd ire,
 Prevail'd, by following their master's fire:
 With godlike aims you spoke but to subdue,
 And Treason trembled as her inmates flew,
 Thy * brilliant plume renew'd the flying rear,
 Thy manly voice exterminated Fear.
 Thy charger foam'd along th' embattled plain,
 And † ECGMONT, limbleis, found resistance vain!
 E'en base-born ‡ BUSSI, insolent and loud,
 Rush'd mid the thickest of a recreant croud;

* This passage is explanatory of the remarkable words used by HENRY THE FOURTH, at the Battle of IVRY, to renovate the courage of his soldiers. — *Railliez vous, à mon panache blanc, &c.*

† The Count D'ECMONT, son of the Admiral, he went to succour the league, at the head of eighteen hundred Spanish lances.

‡ BUSSI LE CLERC, the head of forty desperate confederates— all traders of Paris—these seditious men chose BUSSI, as their chief: he had been master of arms—he was a man without knowledge, but resolute, and possessed a sort of eloquence extremely winning with the vulgar—This combination did the King considerable mischief.

The lances glitter'd, and the cannons roar'd,
Dread shook the mighty, and the mean implor'd;
While the bleak sisters o'er the conflict hung,
And hell was jubilant, and Minos sung,

Oh! could I paint the triumphs of that day,
My lofty verse should rise o'er Maro's lay:
Alas! I feel my faculties oppress,
The theme's too dreadful for my tender breast;
But grateful France will all thy merits own,
And raise, and celebrate her Saviour's throne;
The willing Muses shall obedient sing,
And pleas'd, immortalise her patriot king.

Unhappy Gauls, apostatis'd from Good,
What ruthless Fury has debas'd your blood;
By Reason's beam may all their errors see,
For HENRY proves a tyrant but to me;
May pitying wisdom purify their zeal,
And all the wounds of civil tumult heal;
Sedition's race enlighten or defeat,
And bring each ingrate to my hero's feet.
His spirit trembled as he dealt the blow,
* Warm'd by Humanity, he fed the foe!
Renown'd Achilles, whose ferocious rage,
Rependent lives in Homer's sacred page;

Or
During the siege of Paris, HENRY permitted large droves of
cattle to enter the city, for the succour of the besieged: thus
proving his regard for his people, even in the hour of anger.

Or Persia's chief, or Macedonia's son,
 Or the first Cæsar, by his pride undone,
 Fade in the page, now Fame assumes the pen,
 Tho' all were Monarchs, all were less than men.
 Trajan's beneficence uplifts his mind,
 He feels that kings are born for human kind:
 August, yet wise, benevolent, yet brave,
 His sword ne'er conquer'd to create a slave;
 Impell'd by Equity, the strife began,
 He rais'd his arm, to humanize the man.

* Can Glory's laurell'd chief forget that day,
 When first he left the battle's dread array,
 And came, new trimm'd, by Cupids, in disguise,
 To combat GABRIELLE'S honor with his sighs;
 To wound the influence of moral truth,
 To blot each prejudice of virtuous youth,
 Then frolic Nature warm'd my youthful day,
 And smooth'd the windings of the social way,
 High mettled Mirth made ev'ry object seem
 Like florid images, when poets dream.
 Then was my peace untouch'd by ruthless kings,
 Nor Woe's cold finger broke my mental springs,
 Tho' clad by Terror, like the lowly hind,
 Tho' Mars had half usurp'd thy ample mind,
 Nor

* It was during the extreme fury of the civil wars, that HENRY, by the indiscretion of BELLEGARDE, visited GABRIELLE; he frequently disrobed himself of his armour, to visit his mistress, and the first time he went, disguised himself as a peasant, and crossed the enemies' guard, at the risque of being known and taken.

Not half so beauteous was that Roman seen,
 Whom Nephe led to woo th' Egyptian queen;
 Not beams more bright'ning grac'd that Angel's head,
 Whom heaven deputed to the Patriarch's bed.
 If you forget, ah me, that cannot I!
 But man's great feature is inconsistency;
 Weakly her plaints, your lowly victim pours,
 As the white foam that washes Mona's shores.
 Oh! had I Amphion's lute, I'd tune my moan,
 Amphion, they say, could agitate a stone.
 My mem'ry whispers when my virgin heart,
 Imbib'd those pangs which never can depart;
 When the poor flutterer trembled at your voice,
 Ere Passion's regent taught it to rejoice;
 Like streams dependent on the ocean's force,
 When the rude earthquake shakes their steady course;
 Thus my still pulses quicken'd at your strains,
 Thus sense impell'd the burthen of my veins:
 But Love soon had the fierce convulsion end,
 And Transport hail'd them like a jocund friend!

Ye spotless few, who croud in Virtue's train,
 Obey her mandates, and surround her fane;
 'Tis your's to follow the behests of peace,
 'Tis your's to bid unhallowed wishes cease:
 Measure the progress of my guilty fact,
 If any guilt exists in such an act;
 Then aw'd by Candor, to the world relate,
 The folly mighty, but the motive great.

My

My recollection portrays all the past,
 The bliss was sure too exquisite to last:
 When HENRY'S supplication fill'd my days,
 And every echo warbled GABRIELLE'S praise;
 Train'd from my reason's dawn in noble deeds,
 I sung of Virtue, and I fought her meeds:
 My pliant fancy yielded to embrace
 Those laws of honor, which upheld my race:
 Oh! hesitate, ye generous nymphs, I pray,
 Ere ye condemn the tenor of my lay.
 Knew ye the forcery that freights his tale,
 Alas, you'd marvel not that men prevail!
 A king, a hero, brilliant, wise and great,
 Who seems the favor'd delegate of fate;
 When such assail the melting virgin's breast,
 Love is all-governing, and fear a jest.
 With soft solicitude, with matchless charms,
 He came, he woo'd, he won me to his arms!
 So regal Jove his tender wishes told,
 When the high ruler found Alcmena cold—
 He swore his love should with his being last,
 But scarce was sworn before that love was past:
 Such vows, like poppies, mid the golden grain,
 Tho' gay, are worthless, tho' alluring, vain:
 When Passion's tides thro' mans' strong art'ries roar,
 His heart resists them like a flinty shore;
 But our frail frames, like mould'ring banks, give way,
 Our mind's unhelm'd, our attributes decay—

His

His bright, his keen, his fascinating eyes,
Like wond'rous basilisks seduce their prize.
Go not, ye nymphs, you'll perish if you gaze,
For necromancy warms their weakest blaze!
If in the vortex of his arts you're found,
Your agency will die, your sense run round.
There Ruin's baneful circles never cease,
Till central potency ingulphs your peace!

Oh! woman, woman, alien to Controul,
Whom infidels deny the gift of soul;
But may not half their obloquy be right,
As heaven has made our fence of worth too slight;
That weak-wrought barrier, wily men survey,
Pierce thro' the texture and consume their prey,

Imagination's flame, which fed desire,
Rage has perverted to tartarean fire;
Fancy draws forth a half created beam,
Which flies Enjoyment, like a golden dream:
Celestial visions rush upon my view,
Tho' vast, aerial, and, tho' bright, untrue:
As jugglers sleights, they vanish from the eye,
We scarce can wonder ere the Joy's gone by:
Thus, our frail yesterdays, like meteors gleam'd,
Their evil's realis'd, their beauties seem'd.

Where can I wander from the eye of Hate,
What shade of earth can hide a wretch from Fate?
Thought,

Thought, like the keen-fang'd East, blights Life's young
 Predicting horrors that may never be. [tree,
 Oh! lead me where the blue Soracte shrouds,
 His daring Countenance, in humid clouds,
 Which dash their wombs against his rugged sides,
 And deluge Ceres, with resistless tides:
 As the rich vineyard to the fury yields,
 They bear a tempest thro' etruscan fields.

When sweet Aurora, with her vivid ray,
 Unfolds the roseate gates of ample day,
 Tho' half our race, elate, the Goddess see,
 Her bursting splendour brings no joys for me!
 Tho' Onus smiles from his meridian height,
 The fervid noon, for me, has no delight;
 Tho' jocund Nature's rev'llings speak his praise,
 I deprecate his force, and shun his blaze:
 Nor Eve, grave Eve, with all her glist'ning dews,
 Can waft a balm to solace, when I muse;
 Save, when sad Philomel's oblivious strain,
 Gives the still world the progress of her pain;
 But sombrous Night more blissfully appears,
 Who wets the Globe's vast mantle with her tears:
 Then to fall'n Erebus I yield the moan,
 Who listens as he flows, and gives me groan for groan.

Why was I born to feel o'erbearing ill,
 Why was my honor subject to my will?
 I know the man by whom I am undone,
 That man's more radiant than the rising sun!

Oh

Oh with what pride did God create his frame,
 When first he mark'd him as the food of Fame;
 His boundless heart, which Sorrow's thirst allays,
 No custom narrows, and no meannells sways.
 There meek-ey'd Pity in her minion dwells,
 Unlocks its springs and governs all its cells;
 Yet doth his glory so o'ertop his size,
 That gazing millions measure with their eyes:
 And scarce believe his vast achievements true,
 But look, and think, and wonder, as they view:
 Thus Scythia's iron sons could ne'er suppose,
 That Ammon's arm could chain unnumber'd foes,
 Their fight destroy'd the legend they were taught,
 So much can Rumour aggrandize the thought!—
 Oh, my great HENRY! whither will you flee,
 You're Fate, King, Lover, every thing to me:
 A nobler subject never grac'd a long,
 From Athens' bards, or bright Arcadia's throng;
 Sweet as the cedar, lofty as the pine,
 His voice is music, and his mien divine:
 With him I'd climb the steep on Scylla's side,
 Or stem the foaming of the Stygian tide.
 Snatch the hot corset from the cyclop's blows,
 Or sweep from Caucausus its antient snows;
 Reslay the Python, banish Envy's brood,
 Or tear the famish'd tyger from his food.
 Say, what is difficult, when feeling sways,
 Who infelicitous that Love obeys?

* Despairing

*Despairing Lovers can outstrip the wind,
 And leap the bounds prescrib'd for human kind;
 Not leagu'g armies can repel their ire,
 Or intercept the act from the desire.
 Love, like th' imperial eagle, proudly soars,
 Darts thro' each mist, and Phoebus' seat explores:
 Tho' meaner Passions may invade the breast,
 Love brings us nearer heaven than the rest.—

That hour will come, and hours unshackled glide,
 Stealing some valued point from human pride,
 When all thy errors shall thy sense pursue,
 And stand arrang'd in congregated view.
 When pallid Misery folds you in her arms,
 And Death waits hunger'd to receive thy charms,
 Then will you think of GABRIELLE you've undone,
 Then wish existence had not yet been spun!
 But as my HENRY dies, for die we must,
 Selected cherubs shall receive his dust,
 To no unworthy uses shall it turn,
 But fill and consecrate a nation's urn,
 To charm from pestilence this envied clime,
 And rest coeval with the scythe of Time;

Then

* Such was at least the sentiment of RAMIRE: this young conqueror, who first erected Arragon into a kingdom, always placed his mistress ELVIRA in that part of the field of battle which he believed to be most vulnerable. "si la force me manque," said he, "on si le genie m'abandonne, L'amour me rendra l'un & l'autre." That idea, so perfectly characteristic of the enthusiasm of a Castilian, would prove but a bad rule for a General, though it certainly was an undeniable certificate of his sensibility and faith as a lover.

Then shall the muse of France uplift his name,
 And summon all the relatives of Fame;
 Her ablest ministry shall write his doom
 And hang her greenest laurels o'er his tomb!

As blythe * VALENTINOIS, with choicest flowers,
 Bedeck the chosen seat of Anet's bowers,
 To cheer her faithful but unhappy king,
 Of whom we ponder and the minstrels sing;
 E'en thus will I my crested HARRY greet,
 And strew the rose, to hail his war-worn feet;
 Then seize my warrior to my aching breast,
 Wipe off the dust, and teach him to be blest,
 My eager lips shall gather dew from thine,
 And all the rage of extacy be mine —
 Oh! wayward fancy, why will you create
 Such florid scenes to mock my wretched state?
 No sportive frail ideas should restore,
 Those joys, those revels, which, alas! are o'er;
 That hope's deceas'd who gave my youth command,
 The quivering pen forsakes my palsied hand,
 Thick vapours circumsolve the vision's ray,
 And Desperation vitiates my day:
 My bosom bleeds, th' associate of Desire,
 My thought is madd'ning, and my brain's on fire!
 Oh HENRY pity GABRIELLE's distress,
 Take heaven's example and be pleas'd to bless!

Tho' * DIANA de PORTIERS, Dutchesse de VALENTINOIS, it
 was for her that the stender and unfortunate HENRY THE
 SECOND of France fought the Battle of Anet.

Tho' thus your adamant will I prove,
 Come, and receive the amnesty of Love!—
 The last sad tears that glisten in my eye,
 Expression's strugglings, and my final sigh,
 I give most chearfully to Faith and You,
 But come, ah come, and own thy GABRIELLE's true!
 Assuage the horrors of afflictive death,
 Chear my last pang, and cheat me of my breath:
 Then as I lay a lifeless heap of dust,
 Bereft of being, to my fame be just;
 Place my cold head upon your steel-clad knee,
 And bathe with tears, that nymph who died for thee:
 Hark! hark! what means that tumult in the field,
 What mean those couriers, do the rebels yield?
 See the meek dove, her milk-white wings expand,
 Bearing her olive, o'er a woe-rent land;
 The babbling trumpet rends its brazen throat,
 And Echo hangs upon the martial note!
 Such rapturous accents brought the ear delight,
 When the Creator gave this planet light;
 My fancy swims before the airy spell,
 My heart throbs high, as if 'twould burst its cell.
 Has HENRY conquer'd, sure it cannot be,
 Is he victorious, does he live—'tis he!
 Be joyant Nature, let high Phœbus sing,
 I see, I know the super-human king!
 He comes, he comes, with more than mortal charms,
 I feel, I faint, my God, I'm in his arms!

SIR

S I R P A U L
A N D
T H E S H A V E R.
A T A L E.

SIR PAUL, a gaunt old finner, went one day,
To a barber's shop, to take his beard away;

But scarce was seated in the place,
When, zounds, said STRAP, the muscles of your face
Are all so lank, irregular, and weak,

So like, 'mong Catholics, a poor lay mumper,

I must insert my thumb by way of plumper,
To mow the stubble from your honor's cheek.

If the big world knew not, my pliant muse
Should tell that world how barbers deal in news;

And honest STRAP, who, like the rest,

Was fond of politics and eke a jest,
About the Whigs and Tories gan to prate,

And poor Britannia's state;

When, lo! his razor slipp'd and made a leak,

From whence the writhing Knight's warm blood ran
out,

In streams, like water gushing from a spout!

With terror, STRAP remained three moments dumb,

As PAUL roar'd out, you dog, you've slash'd my cheek;

Oh, curse your cheek, said STRAP, I've cut my thumb.

THE
S A C R I L E G I S T.
A T A L E.

THOSE subtle wights who live by imposition,
Should ever and anon beware,
How they get 'tangled in Detection's snare,
From fraud to shame is oft a quick transition;
And Ridicule pursues that caitiff's terrors,
Who gets a livelihood by social errors,

In the vicinity of Breslaw, stood
A convent dedicated to Saint Bruno,
Where Mary's form was multiplied in wood;
Which as a pious learned reader you know,
One of those images was costly drest,
With varied draperies, by bigots given,
And pearls and golden tissue grac'd her vest,
Such as besit the relatives of heaven.
Oft in refectory warm, beneath her shrine,
The holy brethren met in close array,
With temporal blessings crowning all their labours,
But when the sacred feast was o'er,
With charitable zeal they would implore,
The virgin advocate divine,
To shower spiritual comforts on their neighbours.

It

It so fell out,
 An irrelegious varlet, bold and stout,
 Crept in the night unto this lady fair,
 And stole away her trappings rich and rare;
 But as misfortune must attend an act,
 Whene'er the devil regulates the deed,
 This varlet was arrested in the fact,
 And sentenc'd to eat boiling lead, and be impal'd, and
 But ere this matter could be put in force [flea'd.
 In FREDERICK'S domain,
 Or any subject slain,
 Some prefatory laws must take their course;
 In consequence, the trembling wretch was hurried,
 To Berlin's sapient court,
 To undergo some legislative sport,
 And be appall'd and worried.
 The monks, in high wrought anger, told the offence,
 The monarch heard, and ask'd the thief's defence,
 Who, flank'd by enemies on every side,
 Thus to his king with lowly mien replied:
 One bitter wint'ry day, when Boreas blew
 So cold it pierc'd my vitals thro' and thro',
 Unblest'd with raiment to defend my frame
 From the keen blast, and freezing blasts there came,
 A thought engender'd in my brain,
 Which ow'd its birth to many a pious strain:
 These holy men have told,
 How the sweet virgin could make water wine,
 And bread from stones, on which the fainted dine,
 And change concreted filth to burnish'd gold.

Arm'd with such powers to give a wretch relief,
And extirpate his grief,

I thought she'd lend me some celestial riches,
To hide my nakedness, and buy me breeches;
The event has justified what gownsmen say,
The virgin utter'd thus, when I had ceas'd to pray:
Hanging her head down, like a modest bride,
Here, friend, unpin this garment from my side,
Go bind it round you straight, and call it *meum*,
And hide your nudities, I'm shock'd to see 'em.
This is the truth, my Leige, or may I die,
The monks vociferous roar'd — 'tis all a lie.
Hush, said the monarch, miscreants, hold your peace,
Dare you aver that miracles can cease,
Question once more the action in this place,
By heaven, I'll abrogate your lazy race;
Would you have men be better and believe,
Preach not at morn what you deny at eve;
I like the deed, her principles are good,
The Lady's heart is warm, tho' made of wood;
The case is plain, it was a christian gift,
To move his wants she'd given him her shift;
Unbind the man, and bid him go his way,
The priests may where they list, to fast or pray.
The cowl-clad brethren grumbling fought their cell,
The rogue untouch'd by Retribution's scars
Receded, as he thank'd his better stars,
That all was well.

O R I G I N A N D E N D

OF THE
L A W.
T A L E
Summum jus, summa injuria.

POETS of old, with force and fire,

From OVID down to MATTHEW PRIOR;

In varying verse, and motley page,

Have sung about the golden age;

But none have been so wondrous kind,

To tell us how that age declin'd:

I see the curious wish to know it,

List to a tale, and I will show it.

In such an age, a guileless twain,

ROGER and STEVE, illum'd the plain;

Unbred in academic schools,

They follow'd Reason and her rules;

In all the paths of prudence trod,

And lov'd their friend, and fear'd their God.

Then Freedom rov'd the mountain's side,

And Innocence was all their pride;

No sadd'ning love-lorn maiden then,
 Bemoan'd the perfidy of men;
 For Virtue bless'd the rural throng,
 Inform'd their hearts, and fed their song.
 No vicious tenets broke their rest,
 (Like missives from the peevish east,
 Blighting the wholesome rip'ning ear)
 Or laid the basis of a tear.
 The dirty passions of the mind,
 Were then subdu'd, controul'd, confin'd;
 Pale Fear, and all her haggard train,
 That generate and nurture pain,
 And each unwelcome mental guest,
 Lay dormant in the human breast;
 No Cypress then deform'd the brow,
 Or mourning willow noted woe;
 Or broken oaths made maids forlorn,
 For Woe and Vice were then unborn;
 Their lives unchoak'd with baneful weeds,
 Pass'd in a change of worthy deeds;
 The sacred commerce fixt and known,
 Supreme delight was all their own.

In terror lest the rural brood,
 Of human kind should grow too good;
 The DEVIL his ministry suborning,
 Peep'd thro' the loop-holes of the morning;
 Survey'd their pleasures with a sigh,
 And sent his imps to teach a LIE.

The

The LIE! ah me! at length crept in,
 And introduc'd the suite of SIN!
 Now Truth and Nature liv'd as foes,
 And towns from villages arose;
 Society became refin'd,
 And Madnefs shar'd with Mirth the Mind;
 Then Priests and Penitents were made,
 And sweet Religion grew a—trade.
 Still ROGER liv'd in decent credit,
 His heart was good, for Virtue fed it;
 But wealth flow'd in, then cares encreas'd,
 And wants and wishes seldom ceas'd.
 SUE and her mate could yet be happy,
 And drink with glee their jug of nappy;
 They danc'd, they fung, they told a tale,
 And mirthful, quaff'd their home-brew'd ale;
 Cheer'd with their smiles the wayworn swain,
 And banish'd ev'ry wretch's pain;
 To orphan want they op'd their doot,
 And pitied all the vagrant poor;
 With holy zeal their alms were giv'n,
 And trod a path that led to heav'n.

Tho' ROGER felt the stings of care,
 The DE'IL resolv'd to stop not there;
 In cruel haste he hurried down,
 To live in the next market town;
 Assum'd the name of ANDREW BURNEY,
 And rush'd in life the — FIRST ATTORNEY.

From his foul loins, by Sin befriended,
 The present * *Horrid* *Bar* descended;
 He then display'd his baneful art,
 To tease the head and break the heart,
 The fangs of Infamy reveal'd
 And op'd those sores that Time had heal'd;
 Those wounds of ancient rancour rent,
 Which Friendship long before cemented;
 Renew'd the breach 'twixt Sire and Son,
 Till Discord thro' the parish run;
 Taught toothless dames to bring their action
 For empty malice and detraction;
 With *capias* and *certiorari*,
 He play'd them many a damn'd figary.
 To comfort Vice, and cherish Knavery,
 Coerc'd poor Equity in slavery;
 Chain'd her in adamantine bands,
 O'erthrew her rights, and seiz'd her lands;
 Prostrate and fangless left the law,
 And hid its stings, but shew'd its claws;
 Then infant Fraud began to strengthen,
 And serpent Sin to live and lengthen;
 As Falshood toil'd, but never jaded,
 The pride of human nature faded;
 Illustrious Virtue, endless shame,
 Became the whistling of a name.

* I would not wish to be understood as including the whole
 profession in this censure, as I know several individuals remark-
 able for their honor, truth, and humanity.

As **ANDREW** hail'd the swift progression,
 And smooth'd the forehead of Transgression,
 Then Courts were rais'd, and Lawyers fed
 On Widows tears and Orphans bread;
 Sophistication rul'd the hour,
 And Honor kiss'd the rod of Power;
 Then **BRITAIN**'s rough ingenuous youth,
 Were train'd in arts to murder — **TRUTH**.
 In mystic garb, 't envelope fight,
 And hide the fact in shades of night;
 To fish for fools by specious wooing,
 And draw the wretched to their ruin.

To answer all his private ends,
 The **DEVIL** had his stedfast friends;
 He always carried two about,
 Both sinewy dogs, well made and stout;
 Redoubted enemies, I trow,
 Were **JOHNNY DOE** and **RICHARD ROE**.
 Like Mancha's Knight, or Warwick's Guy,
 Their terrors made whole hamlets fly;
 When honest yeomen prov'd ungracious,
 He flogg'd 'em with a *fieri facias*;
 To answer wily **ANDREW**'s needs,
 He laid his thumb on bonds and deeds;
 In iron chest he kept them bound,
 At least ten fathoms under ground;
 But when they'll see the light, who'll say?
 Why those who cheat the **DEVIL** may.

By this fly trick he touch'd their pelf,
 And kept his clients to himself.
 Tho' goaded thus by Law and Theft,
 A little honesty was left;
 Still Virtue had a sickly charm,
 To stop 'em in the road to harm.
 The village lighted by her beam,
 Avoided guilt in the extreme.
 Their moral good the DEVIL saw,
 And strove to damn it with a flaw;
 Refin'd away the Vicar's text,
 And Solomon's best saws perplex:
 As woodmen level forest trees,
 He undermin'd, by slow degrees.
 First he laid siege to their CONTENT,
 Then gave a blow — and down it went;
 Next at their FAITH, his skill he tried,
 By whisp'ring DOUBTS that fed their PRIDE;
 The nymph grew weary of mankind,
 And fled, but left REMORSE behind.
 Elate he saw their joys decrease,
 And, last of all, he murder'd — PEACE;
 To rule the breast on its privation,
 He substituted — LITIGATION.

Touch'd by the hellish dire infection,
 Weak ROGER slu'd, and brought his action,
 His neighbour, at the break of morn,
 Walk'd thro' a field of ROGER's corn.

The

The meek defendant meant no ill,
 The plaintiff had his wealth at will;
 His bosom tir'd of contentment,
 Conceiv'd the seeds of base resentment.
 The DEVIL shew'd him where to bite him,
 And ROGER bid the DE'IL indite him;
 ANDREW, by Fate decreed to hate us,
 Prepar'd the shocking apparatus.
 The lowly wretch, by Pow'r subdu'd,
 Bemoan'd his wife and little brood;
 Who strove to soothe the good man's cares,
 And damp'd his prison with their tears.
 For thirteen weeks, so law ordains,
 The poor despoiler lay in chains.
 The Spring Assize at last came round,
 When manacl'd, and starv'd, and bound,
 The peasant, hanging both his ears,
 Was brought to trial by his peers;
 The Court of Justice op'd her doors,
 And crows and ideots throng'd in scores.

Two learned Serjeants, BULL and BEAR,
 Defended ROGER's cause with care;
 By legal nonsense, apt tautology,
 And senseless stupid phraseology;
 'Twould fill a volume but to teach,
 How they defil'd the use of speech,
 Bullied the worthy and the humble,
 In hope their love of truth would stumble:

At

At length the wisdom of the Judge,
 Saw thro' the veil of R O G E R 's grudge,
 He shook his head, explain'd the laws,
 And quick discharg'd the shameful cause.
 R O G E R, with rage, and grief to boot,
 The D E V I L damn'd, and lost his suit.

Oppress'd by doubt, with awkward stare,
 The clown thus question'd S E R J E A N T B E A R :
 Waunds, maister Serjeant, by the Lord,
 You fought the battle wond'rous hard;
 Defendant's laryor in my moind,
 Was not in scolding much behoid;
 Nay, once you seem'd such deadly foes,
 I thought, eood, you'd come to blows.
 Ah, R O G E R, t'other made reply,
 With keen derision in his eye,
 Our strife was harmless, quit your fears,
 'Twas only like R A T A N D E R 'S S H E E R S.
 Odds heart, friend Serjeant, why like sheers?
 Cried R O G E R, scratching both his ears:
 The Law's black son, with strong disdain,
 Thus sated R O G E R 's curious vein;
 Though now with vehemence and pother,
 We seem'd t' excoriate each other;
 The fight deceiv'd—tho' thus you've seen us,
 We cut but THAT which comes BETWEEN US."

Depress'd

Depress'd, reflecting, and bemoir'd,
 Rook'd from law and strife retir'd;
 He shook his head, and, what was worse,
 Walk'd to his home with grumpy purse,
 And Rook's suit was ever after,
 The food of universal laughter.

M O R A L.

The old who hopes to mend his peace by law,
 Should couch for safety in a tyger's jaw;
 Or seek for cleanness in an Irish ditch;
 Or go to Edinburgh to lose the itch;
 Or fly to Cairo to shude disease,
 Or Bedfordbury to avoid the fleas;
 Expect plain truth in Mandreville's remarks,
 Or ask for Honesty in Bevis Marks;
 Or search for Liberty neath Gallie banners,
 Or go to Billingsgate to learn—good manners.

THE R E M O N S T R A N C E

A BRITISH SHIRT TO ITS MASTER.

[Written in PARIS, 1787.]

HAPLESS and turgid is that wight I throw,
Whom rude and weak antipathies annoy.
'Twas in that city, chief of haughty Gaul,
To Saints, to Sin, and Cloacina dear.
Yclep'd by noisy fame, the gallant Paris,
Where LUDOVICO MAGNO stands and rides,
On many a splendid and well-sculptur'd base,
To tell mankind he triumphs over Death,
And menaces the world, tho' turn'd to stone.
Where sportive dames forego the smiles of Health,
Wasting their bright and enviable charms,
Which Nature gave them, to enslave mankind
By midnight vigils, and the mazy dance,
And gather substitutes from wily Art,
That cheat the fight, and undermine their bloom;
Such toil is piteous; for the hand of Beauty
Fashion'd with care each member of their frame,
And deck'd them round with all those soft attractions,
Which lead the valiant and the wise astray.

Ah

Ah me! that Habit should impel a fex
 To use the sick'ning semblance of a charm,
 To fascinate our warm and willing hearts,
 Whom Truth portrays on her unerring tablets,
 Most lovely, most puissant, when least fraudulent.

Where an immense sophistlicated band,
 Composed of the great vulgar and the small,
 Dance in the liveries of antic Vanity.

Where many a caitiff basely leagues to rob
 The wanton god of Cytherea's grove,
 Of all his antient undisputed dues;
 Sip from the streams that poison genial manhood,
 And scorn the genuine draught of liberal love.

'Twas in that motley blythe metropolis,
 A poor, forlorn, indignant, tattered SHIRT,
 Of Irish birth, and British education,
 In all the plaintive strains of deep-felt grief,
 Accosted, thus, its flinty, faithless master:—
 And shall I now be maul'd by Gallic slaves,
 Fritter'd, and manac'd, by base-born hands?
 If heaven-born sympathy can touch thy heart,
 Behold my woes, and dedicate a tear!
 Shorn of my honors by their savage toils,
 Behold your servant more than half destroy'd,
 Shall cell-bred wenches lift their pond'rous limbs,
 All darkly tinted with Egyptian hue,
 Arm'd with a deadly murdering battoir,
 To flagellate my tortur'd body thus,
 And tear my mangled corse at every stroke?

Shall

Shall I, whose texture, doubtless, has been wove,
 By some descendant of those finewy bands,
 Who stain'd the fields of Agincourt with blood,
 Or taught the trembling foe what Britons dare,
 On Cressy's sanguine and immortal plain?
 Shall I, thus circumstanc'd, be made the sport
 Of every mean and dirty *blanche-seusee*,
 Defil'd, bemaul'd, and torn by recreant slaves,
 And you, a Briton, thus look tamely on?
 Forbid it, Pity, and, forbid it, Love!
 Is meek compassion stifled in your breast?
 Are all your patriot ideas flown?
 Oh, I remember, (but that time is past,)
 When angry Eolus untied his bags,
 Wherein he chains the desolating winds,
 To nip and castigate the human race,
 Coercing all the seeds of vegetation,
 Oft have you turn'd me with a parent's care,
 And held my body 'fore the blazing fuel,
 To warm and recreate my snow-white breast.
 But now, alas! that tenderness is o'er,
 Dragg'd by the zigzag motions of thy will,
 To ramble thro' the russet Boullonnois,
 And more deeply ruffled Picardy;
 To suffer vile indignities like these,
 From every execrable ugly wench,
 Whose fires were wont to tremble when they saw,
 The slightest vestige from old Albion's Isle.

By knowing
 The fragile daughters of gay Venus weep

Knowing what once I was, and what I am,
 Disturbs my sense, and mads me into rage.
 Ye deities, who guard the free-born soul,
 And value Britons for their hardy worth:
 Tell me, and satisfy my boiling mind,
 Why was I born, ye gods, to take a blow?
 A blow; ah me, I might say, many blows!
 Not all the waters of the silver Thames,
 The flood of Avon, on whose verdant banks
 Our matchless bard was wont to muse and roam;
 Or Isis' glassy sweet reflective stream,
 Where Science oft retreats to ponder deep;
 Or Caracallas' vast capacious baths,
 Can purify my sullied, wounded honour,
 Or cleanse my base, contaminated frame.
 My hatred, scorn, contempt, aversion dire,
 To all the children of presuming Gaul,
 Is deeply rooted as the forest oak,
 And my proud soul dilates as big with hate,
 Towards the mirthful authors of my woe,
 As Israelite to swine, or zealous Turk,
 To the rich virtues of the gushing grape;
 Or Poet to the voice of bailiff dire;
 Or Puritanic chiefs to Liberality;
 Or Scotia's relatives to Indiscretion;
 Or antient Virgins to a tale of woe;
 Or Harlot vile, to the drear chambers
 Of the midnight prison, where, oft enchain'd
 By the fell magic of Justitia's bands,
 The fragile daughters of gay Venus weep.

But,

But, why should I thus exercise my lungs?
 I see you frown at my antipathy;
 Perhaps it is an error of the mind,
 But if it is, that error is so fixt
 And interwoven with my heart's warm core,
 To die, or crush its impulse were the same.
 But if my master wills that I shall be
 The but and sacrifice of mortal foes,
 To plunge my weeping body in the flood,
 While the meand'ring and tumultuous Seine
 Rolls with his muddy and polluted waves,
 To dash the filth from every Norman shore.
 If being agonized can feed his joy,
 Let the slaves tear me like Saint Martin's cloak;
 With gladness I'll substantiate his bliss,
 Smile with delight, and glory in my ruin;
 But if a disposition too unkind,
 Leads him to scoff at all the ills I bear,
 Without addition to his inward good;
 Like Alex. Mag. I must submit to Fate,
 Shrink, pray, writhe, suffer, and obey the gods.

E P I S T L E
FROM THE
HOUSE IN CHEAPSIDE,
TO THE
VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD.

MADAM VILLA, I lately have been much inclin'd
To tell you, on paper, a piece of my mind;
So as Sunday is come, my intent to fulfil,
Now the folks have all left me, I take up the quill;
Nor when this you receive, be surpris'd at the sight,
For, if trees hold discourse, surely houses may write:
And if stones out of walls in some cases will cry,
Indignation may rouse such a building as I,
To mention some truths which you cannot deny.

Not many years since, both in fine and foul weather,
My master and I were seen mostly together;
Now and then in the Summer for health he would roam,
Thro' the fields in the day, but at night was at home;
And convinc'd that to me all his fortune was due,
Was grateful for favours, and constant and true.
You, I know, are the minx who his mind has infected,
You engross all his notice, and I am neglected:

He

This appeared anonymously in the Morning Chronicle.

He is ever with you full of laughter and glee,
 But complains of the spleen and the head-ach with me.
 I'm astonish'd to find him so lavishly waste,
 Large sums to supply you with all things in taste ;
 To hear how you're deck'd with fresh stucco and paint,
 And your rooms gaily furnish'd, would anger a saint.
 My patience forlakes me, I own, when I view
 Best beds, chairs, and pictures, all taken for you.
 One decrepid old female's the whole of my state,
 While two or three nymphs on your ladyship wait,
 And a footman, all gorgeous, attends at your gate. }

My fine set of nankeen is convey'd from its place,
 With a new urn of silver, your parlour to grace :
 The stock in my cellar perceptibly fails,
 Sent off by full hampers for rural regales ;
 And my pantry, before long accusom'd to hold
 Rich furloins, is empty ; my chimnies are cold.
 While smartly he drives to your yard in his chair,
 With a load in the seat of all kinds of good fare.

At Christmas deserted, and dark is my hearth,
 Once bright with heap'd fuel, choice friends and high
 My fashes are loose, and quite dirty my floors, [mirth ;
 And of wind a brisk eddy comes in at my doors ;
 But clean are your boards, and your frames are all fast,
 With bays and gilt leather to keep out the blast ;
 And the billet and wax-light their splendor display,
 As he wastes at quadrille the long evening away.

When

When painful Reflection past seasons recalls,
 How he then stuck to trade, who now figures at balls.
 When I think of the bills that for you he must pay,
 And that abscence from counter makes profit decay,
 I bode—but oh! may not the omen prevail,
 He who now sleeps in clover may soon lie in jail!
 Sometimes he's surpris'd that his shop windows clatter,
 It is I who then shudder to think of the matter;
 He's amaz'd that he feels so much air at his back,
 'Tis a sigh for his danger I send through a crack;
 And the drops I let fall, which are rain he conceives,
 Oft are tears for his folly that run from my eaves.

Lay aside your allurements and henceforth beware
 Of proving to one so incautious a snare;
 Bid him act with due prudence; and always confide
 In his faithful and trusty old friend of Cheapside.
 If after this warning you shamelessly still
 Make him shun me, and place his whole bliss on your
 If-you tempt him to foolishly trifle his hours [hill;
 Due to sorting of goods, in the nurture of flowers,

Then may Jove rive afunder,
 Your roof with his thunder:
 Or the wind in a gulf
 Bring your pride to the dust.
 May you perish by rot, flame or water subdu'd,
 But my passion mounts high, and I therefore conclude.

Cheapside, Jan. 26, 1786.

When

AN
E P I S T L E
FROM THE
VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD
TO THE
HOUSE IN CHEAPSIDE.

I Protest, Mistress HOUSE, I am greatly astonish'd!
You should first have advis'd ere you madly admonish'd;
What cause could impel you to take such a freedom,
Pray send your Epistles to those, Ma'am, who need 'em;
You may put on your airs, and may scold while you're
able,

It may be City wit, but it's quite disagreeable.
If you had been bred under Miss * Cardin's banners,
'Twould have polish'd your mind, and have mended
your manners;

Then you had not vented your spite and your spleen,
By railing in verse, like a Billingsgate Queen;
Such language could never have enter'd my head,
But thanks to my parent, that I'm better bred.

I should wonder to find you thus bitter and witty,
If Discord had not spread her snares in the City;

But

* The mistress of a boarding school at Enfield.

But in such empty charges, you follow your betters,
 * Who were wont to make wine, but are now writing
 letters.

It were wiser if they, and you too would sit still,
 And find other subjects, that call for the quill:
 Your toil will not answer what either intended,
 For JACK WILKES and I are not easily mended.
 But I fear with your youth, your good humour is fled,
 And besides, I suspect that you're wrong in the head;
 Then discharge not on me the effects of your woe,
 If disorder'd, you'd better consult with MONRO.

I should hurry to town, could I manage to walk,
 With half the facility that I can talk;
 To meet me in a rage, you would wish yourself dead,
 You'd find you had brought an old house on your head,
 But with age and disasters, I fear you're grown crazy,
 Take Irish advice friend, and pray now be azy.
 No envy or spleen, has pervaded my breast,
 I never once thought of disturbing your rest,
 And wish'd that such bickerings ne'er might ensue,
 But to live on good terms, as acquaintance should do.

As I hope to be fav'd, Ma'am, I ne'er did repine,
 When my master on ven'son, with you chose to dine;
 With his turtle, his soups, and his tartlets and pye,
 Let him eat them, be gorg'd, and be happy, say I.

Should

* Alluding to Mr. DOANFORD's letters on the citizens' profligacy.

Should his fancy incline him to scent the fresh air,
 On Hampstead's gay heath, in his new patent chair;
 When he comes, he is welcome, I ne'er will refuse him,
 But pray dont imagine I'd stoop to seduce him.
 A servile compliance no female enhances,
 And I'm quite independent in mind and finances.
 As to taking your treasure, believe me, I scorn it,
 Perhaps your frail master might sell it or pawn it;
 Some Saturday night when his cash had run low,
 And his clerk tell his wants, with a visage of woe,
 That ABRAHAM NEWLAND had fled his bureau. }
 I assure you I value my honor and fame,
 As highly as any fat Alderman's dame;
 And I am not without either prudence or pride,
 Tho' I never eat custards, or dwelt in Cheapside.
 He enjoys me, 'tis true, and I am not his wife,
 But yet I can boast elevation in life :
 And I vow that I ne'er could put up with neglect,
 As my high situation should call forth respect.

Tho' his presents to me may diminish his wealth,
 I declare that I never will injure his health.
 And should I unwittingly cause his disgrace,
 I'll not, like kept ladies, then laugh in his face.

If you wish that he never should stray from your arms,
 You should labour to make the best use of your charms :
 With Love's gentle blandishments court his embraces,
 Let the artist with paint give your rooms all new faces, }
 And with paper and plaster call forth your old graces.

You

You look so saturnine, no wonder you fright him,
Change your frowns into smiling, and strive to delight
him:

Adopt some nice art to amend your complexion,
And with rouge hide the finger of Time from detection;
For if ladies neglect or their persons or houses,
No wonder they chill the warm love of their spouses.
Make all the apartments as nice as you're able,
Let the grape of Oporto illumine your table.
You may then, by degrees, draw him off from his follies,
As to working, sometimes, they coax children with
dollies:

And when you have got the old man in your net,
Define all the ills of a London Gazette;
Then tell him, to Wisdom he's long been a stranger,
And point out his errors, and warn him of danger.
As your eloquent knowledge may chance to be small,
Take a lesson, for six-pence, at "Coachmakers' hall."
If his living with me, you think, hastens his ruin,
I should grieve to contribute towards his undoing;
His absence will never give me cause of weeping,
As I ne'er can want friends to be ta'en into keeping.

Instead of behaving with candour and love,
To destroy me with vengeance you call upon Jove.
Pray where could your delicate habits be hid,
Such expressions to use, I was always forbid.

A place where there was public debating on a given subject
once a week.

Vol. I.

Defiling

Defiling your pen with a vile execration,
 Is no flatt'ring proof of a town education;
 But as Charity ever shall govern my will,
 In this instance, you'll find, I return good for ill;

And may Jove condescend,
 To become your good friend,
 And with speed to amend
 Your bad disposition,
 And now to attend,

To this prayer, and petition.
 May his bolts on the foes of the city be hurl'd,
 And the shops of Cheapfide prove the mart of the world.

Hampstead, Jan. 27th, 1786.

TEARS OF IERNE:

ELEGIAC POEM;

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

DUKE OF RUTLAND.

— 'twas pretty

To see him ev'ry hour; to fit and draw
His arched eye-brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone; and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOMAS J. ORDE

THOMAS J. ORDE

THOMAS J. ORDE

THOMAS J. ORDE

T O , T H E

Right Honorable THOMAS ORDE.

S I R,

AS the public and private friend of the much lamented subject of the following Poem, I have thought it not altogether improper to dedicate it to you; and I am well assured that you will receive every effort of the imagination with kindness, which has for its immediate object the memory of the late DUKE OF RUTLAND. His administration in Ireland will ever endear the singularly honourable name of MANNERS to the bosoms of her natives; and the more particularly as he wisely contrived to make his amiable and conciliating habits, as a gentleman, operate to the destruction of party-divisions, and the maintenance of law and good government.—That he was highly indebted to your councils and vigilance for so important an event, the world has been sufficiently taught; and it now remains with me to hope, that, by a timely cessation from the fatigues of political controversy, you may be enabled to re-establish your health: and I the more ardently wish it, as from having a perfect knowledge of your public character, I am convinced that the happiness of every thinking man in the kingdom of Ireland is, in a great degree, involved in its preservation.

I am, S I R, with much respect,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

Nov. 8, 1787.

C 3

The Author.

Right Honorable THOMAS O'CONNOR

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the matter of the late Thomas O'Connor, deceased, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Thomas O'Connor

The Hon. Mr. O'Connor

THE
T E A R S
O F
I E R N E.
AN
ELEGIAC POEM.

PARENT of Mercy, Lord benign
Who sits on high enthron'd;
Who gives the Lamp of Day to shine,
Whose mandates Nature own'd:
Who fills the sick'ning Rose with vivid Dew,
And fix'd the Cause from whence existence grew—
Look down upon a Nation's Woe;
Forbid the streams of Wretchedness to flow;

Hark! the Midnight Ravens scream,
 As Bats obscure the Solar Beam;
 Laughter abandons all his Vines,
 And Folly ponders and reclines:
 The tawny reaper quits his sheaf,
 As Envy runs to meet belief:
 The jocund Dryads fly their glades,
 Naiads their floods, and Fawns their shades:
 The herds, affrighted, leave the hills;
 The thirsty flocks the bubbling rills;
 As Nature's beauties drooping lay,
 With all the symptoms of decay.
 The isle's convuls'd, the kingdom groans,
 And Peace retires from human moans;
 As Desperation, roving free,
 Coerces sweet Festivity.
 Amazement shudders at her doom,
 And Industry forsakes his loom;
 While Sorrow fascinates the will
 To seek for sympathetic ill:
 As the wild note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 And Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!

Behold.

Behold upon the purple head
 Of tow'ring Mourne our Genius fled,
 In mute despondency to weep,
 And madden o'er the roaring deep :
 No inmate there has Horror woo'd,
 Save the fierce eagle and her brood.
 Scatter'd beside her vestment see
 Sad emblems of her minstrelsy.
 The sacred anthem Phrenzy tore,
 And scrolls of incontest'd lore,
 Expressive of th' heroic deed,
 Which make men marvel as they read ;
 Her azure drap'ry's careless hung,
 Her harp of Melody's unstrung :
 That flame of fancy seems destroy'd
 Which touch'd the theme the muse enjoy'd.
 But lo ! she starts with trembling fear,
 Op'ning her apprehensive ear :
 The sense, accusom'd to dismay,
 Full eager drinks th' according lay,
 As the wild note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 And Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled ! — our RUTLAND is no more !

The fallen Chief was dear to Truth,
 She hail'd, she taught the ductile youth:
 Blest type of his illustrious fire,
 From whom he caught the hero's fire!
 By Wisdom warm'd, his earliest lays
 Were wove in fair Ambition's praise:
 He brac'd the nerves of feeble Worth,
 And gave the nobler Graces birth;
 Smooth'd the keen edge of Party-strife,
 And fed each elegance of life:
 True to the virtues of his race,
 He scorn'd the 'semblance of Disgrace;
 And equall'd, in his filial care,
 Æneas or the Grecian fair.
 Vast in intent, he us'd his pow'r
 To subjugate the ill-charg'd hour;
 Thought of his name with antique zeal,
 And knew the luxury to feel,
 As chaste Philosophy refin'd
 The bright ideas of his mind.
 But hark! the note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 As Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!

How

How frail's that being which ye prize;
 How weak the barriers of the wise;
 When ev'ry period that is past
 Is but a satire on the last!
 What apothegm can maim Despair,
 Or abrogate the force of Care?
 The peerless nymph who blest his throne,
 Illum'd with Beauty's potent zone,
 Could not, with all that's good and great,
 Repel th' artillery of Fate.
 Weep, Hospitality, for years,
 While Mem'ry's fount can yield you tears.
 'Twas you blithe foreerefs whose wiles }
 Sicklied his frame, and chill'd his smiles;
 Thy witch'ries threw a base disguise
 Of varying hue to cheat his eyes,
 Whene'er you sat in regal pride
 With him and Bacchus by your side,
 He calm'd the loud perturbed throng,
 And gave the points that rais'd your song.
 But hark! the note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 As Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!

Behold

Behold the infant arts decline,
 Which proudly I proclaim'd as mine,
 And shorn of Peace, distracted go
 In all the agony of Woe.
 The future each conceives in dread,
 And hides his little pensive head;
 Dilates the bosom with a sigh,
 And wipes the sorrow-delug'd eye,
 As Shannon, to secrete his pain,
 Retreats with terror to the main.
 But lo! the scene subdues me most,
 Regard that sad afflictive host;
 A fond, a faithful peasant train,
 The pallid slaves of mental Pain.
 No herb that decks th' enamell'd field
 Consolatory charms can yield:
 'Tis ours to be the thing we seem;
 We boast of no Lethean stream
 To deprecate Reflection's rage,
 And dash the thought from Fancy's page.
 As the wild note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 And Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!
 Sedition,

Sedition, who had madd'ning reign'd
 Ere he the foaming fiend enchain'd,
 Now bursting from his iron cell,
 Whispers the Instruments of hell;
 Untwines the serpent from his hair,
 To wander as a social snare,
 And bids the wily reptile creep
 Where Fraud was wont his court to keep;
 As his foul breast with joys distend
 That human kind has lost a friend.—
 Commerce, unhappy nymph! when young,
 Gigantic Pride thy ruin sung:
 She found thee in Delusion's arms,
 And manacled and smote thy charms:
 Indignant then, with mien forlorn,
 Expos'd thee to creation's scorn.
 This RUTLAND saw with manly grief,
 And flew enrag'd to your relief;
 Thy fetter'd limbs the Chief unbound,
 And cheer'd thy head, and clos'd thy wound.
 But hark! the note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 As Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Lovely

Lovely Hygeia, tell me why
 You suffer'd so much worth to die?
 Fled his embraces by degrees,
 And gave his pulses to Disease?
 Could not his high-born virtues move
 Thy lazy relatives to love?
 With lofty majesty he trod,
 Diffusing joy, and look'd a god;
 But roseate nymphs, by all ador'd,
 Oft banish him who most implor'd.
 Serene Humanity, thy breast
 Receives meek Pity, hallow'd guest.
 I see your ample bosom swell;
 You lov'd him, as you knew him well!
 But drop those tresses, nor essay
 To wipe Affection's pearl away;
 It flows with irresistible grace,
 And casts a radiance o'er thy face;
 It calls Resentment to thy shrine,
 And speaks your origin divine.
 But hark! the note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 As Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled!—our KUTLAND is no more!

This

This world full many an age has known
 Involving empires overthrown,
 When the stern queen Palmira lost,
 And Mars the Carthaginian crost,
 When Phœbus parch'd th' Egyptian glebes,
 And Alexander plunder'd Thebes;
 But never has the eye of Time
 Beheld affliction so sublime!
 The Island bleeds at ev'ry pore,
 And half its attributes are o'er.
 But mark! the fable ranks give way,
 And carol the sepulchral lay!
 The requiem hymn on zephyr flies,
 And angels echo from the skies!
 See patriots leagu'd, to Honour just,
 Bearing his consecrated dust;
 Men who their RUTLAND's plaudits fought,
 Whose dignity was never bought,
 While Liberty bends o'er the bier,
 And wets his ashes with a tear.
 As the wild note of national despair
 Floats on the bosom of the ambient air,
 And Echo murmurs round each circling shore,
 Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Indulgent

Indulgent heaven, who life began,
 And gave free will to wayward man,
 Who bids the lightning wing its way,
 And lifts the bolt to strike its prey ;
 Whose mandates awe the hardiest soul,
 And shake th' expanse from pole to pole,
 In pity tell this sorrowing band
 The guilt that wreck'd their wretched land ;
 What treason to thy sacred laws
 Has been, to generate a cause ;
 Why thus the destinies you sped,
 And laid our hero with the dead.
 Yonder he's borne, immers'd in sleep,
 As pregnant matrons shriek and weep :
 But Death, triumphant at the fight,
 Gladdens with horrible delight.
 The ghastly tyrant proudly treads,
 As animated Nature dreads
 His pressure of the palsied ground,
 He throws his ebon darts around,
 And bids us gather armour for that hour,
 When he must exercise his final power,
 As monumental records shall decay,
 And temporal atoms perish with the day.

THE

THE
OLD ARM-CHAIR.

A N O D E.

—“Nay, do not think I flatter;
“For what advancement may I hope from thee
“That no revenue hast.”

SHAKESPEARE.

CLOATH'D in a vest of Tyrian dye,
Let Folly woo the garish eye
Of keen observant day;
While I, incircled in thine arms,
Press and enjoy thy ancient charms,
And spurn the hours away.

How blest the min'stry of a friend,
Who, love-directed, will attend
Thro' this tempestuous sea,
To keep the bark from treason's shore,
As social tempests raging roar;
And such a friend art thee.

By

By thee sublim'd, wife BACON saw
 The institutes of moral law,
 Pourtraying good and ill,
 As Science beam'd a cheering ray,
 Which warm'd his philosophic day
 To liberate the will.

* Inclos'd by thee, the Drama's fire,
 Vast SHAKESPEARE smote the silver lyre,
 As Nature triumph'd round;
 E'en angels left their bright abodes.
 And downward cleav'd thro' liquid roads
 To listen to the found.

Imperial man! with matchless art
 He rov'd the alleys of the heart,
 And drew sweet Truth along;
 The Passions, manacled in chains,
 Obey'd the impulse of his strains,
 And sanctify'd his song.

From such a friend, th' Athenian sage
 Imbib'd that axiom for his page,
 Which pagan virtue taught;
 And NEWTON, happy and resign'd,
 Mus'd as he amplify'd his mind,
 And realiz'd his thought,

Impell'd

* Alluding to Shakespeare's arm-chair shewn at Stratford upon Avon.

Impell'd by such a joy-fraught aid,
 LONGINUS hail'd the sapient maid,
 Who holds the bird of night,
 Caught all the precepts from her tongue,
 Told rising bards how Phœbus sung,
 And gave the nations light.

Reclining 'gainst thy time-worn side,
 LUTHER conceiv'd the mental pride
 To make e'en faith his own,
 Indignant broke the monkish spell,
 Awoke mankind with Reason's bell,
 And shook the papal throne.

The LARES, gods of sacred note,
 Of whom the Latian minstrels wrote,
 When Fraud's high pulse was warm;
 But as the star of Bethlem blaz'd,
 They fled, diminish'd and amaz'd,
 And mingling, made thy form.

Alas! the hours are on their way,
 When all thy honours must decay,
 And sleep at Ruin's shrine,
 When worms thy body shall consume;
 But shake not; for 'twas Caesar's doom
 And hapless will be thine.

A N
O D E
T O
F R I E N D S H I P.

[Inscribed to M. H. KENNEDY, M. D.]

SISTER of Peace, all beauteous and sincere,
 Who gives the sigh and sympathetic tear;
 More lovely than the first created flower,
 Which issued sweets in Eden's nuptial bower;
 Wrapt in a milk-white vest,
 By Purity and all the Graces drest;
 With aspect brighten'd o'er by modest glee.
 Chas'd by the motley ills which goad our life,
 To generate a pang or waken strife,
 I fly, meek nymph, to thee.
 Wandering with Innocence thou oft art seen,
 When Cynthia's silver ray
 Beams at the death of day,
 On the still hamlet's smoothly shaven green.
 Thou shun'st the noise of busy Folly,
 And all those baneful haunts of wily men,
 Where Pride and Pow'r usurp the social den:
 Engendering pallid Melancholy,
 For many a fraudulent year has onward flown,
 To Ruin's ebony throne.

Since

Since thou wast hail'd an inmate of the great,
 To bless their mirth and dignify their state;
 Time was when Honor's sons were men of note;
 When nobles justified what genius wrote;

And Britain's Barons bold,

Would eagerly unfold

Their ample gates, to cheer the way-worn throng,
 Assuage their thirst, or vindicate their wrong.

Seize ruthless kings opposing human good,

And fate the nation with a tyrant's blood:

Or led by holy zeal to Syria's strands,

Moisten her parched soil with brutal gore,

And blissfully restore

To Zion's daughters all their antient lands;

But now the spear hangs useless in the hall,

The helmet moulders and their glories fall:

As Fate's bleak minions did impart

Some adamant atoms to the heart,

Or officed that chord, which once was known,

When touch'd, to feel for horrors not its own.

A N
O D E
T O
G R A T I T U D E

[Inscribed to MICHAEL LASCELLES, Esq.]

AUGUST, refulgent maid,
By human worth obey'd,
Descend with Pity from thy hallow'd sphere;
Give me to be the thing I ought,
Sublime the basis of my thought,
And pour thy dictates on my opening ear.

Extatic! roseate handmaid of Delight!
Come, charming as thou art, and glad my fight!
I'll welcome thee with rapturous pleasure,
In lofty lay, and lyric measure;
Then vivid Fancy shall illumine my brain,
Attune my willing lyre, and feed my strain,
Whose pencil tints the hue of mortal dreams,
And shrouds the animal in heavenly beams.

Borne

Borne on the pinions of the rapid wind,
 Hurry and seek a refuge in my mind ;
 Impress each sense to hail a generous deed.
 Then all-uplifted by thy power,
 I'll triumph o'er the swift delusive hour,
 And, claim from gentle Peace, her envied, choicest
 meed.

Oh ! lead me from that cell,
 Where reddening Shame and pallid Anguish dwell,
 On the bleak margin of Dishonour's grave ;
 Where, writhing with their pains,
 They labouring foam to burst their mental chains,
 Nor thank the gods for all the good they gave.

When Fate's imperial mandate, dread and just,
 Impels this breathing fabric to the dust ;
 Ah ! teach thy fainting suppliant to die,
 Then by thy bright effusions blest,
 The fiends of Doubt shall fly my half-child's breast,
 And radiant angels catch the final sigh !

A D D R E S S

TO

CALPUPIUS

On receiving a Refusal from a celebrated Beauty.

Pectora vario motu.

VIRG.

IMPERIOUS, wild, inconstant boy,

Thou source of social grief and joy,

The plaints of Reason hear;

Stay, ere you bid that arrow go,

Pointed with pain and arm'd with woe,

While I assail your ear.

Thou daring urchin who presides

O'er the heart's wand'ring gushing tides,

And makes them sink or rise;

Who strikes the mightiest to the earth,

Who gives the infant raptures birth,

And language to the eyes.

Shall,

Shall I, to whom the world has bent,
 Thus pine for lovely ANNE's consent,
 And live to be denied?
 Doom'd the pale minion of Desire,
 Consuming with my mental fire,
 And harrow'd with my pride.

Go to my ANNE, with all thy skill
 Touch her dull sense, and warm her will,
 Expand her narrow mind;
 Depict my bosom's fervid heat,
 Say how my fever'd pulses beat,
 And bid the nymph be kind.

But think not, tho' I thus implore,
 I'll, couchant, every good give o'er,
 And tremble at your nod;
 When Merit moans, with human care
 To frown upon the suppliant's pray'r,
 Dishonours but the god.

Tho' piteous SAPPHO call'd in vain,
 Tho' PERSEUS hugg'd thy iron chain,
 I will not be thy slave;
 I'd sooner, tyrant, rush on death,
 Abridge the progress of my breath,
 And wed the chilly grave.

An EPITAPH on MRS. HACKETT of
BIRMINGHAM.

BENEATH this turf lies mould'ring into dust,
All that was lovely, excellent, and just!
Her God had bless'd her with an ample mind,
Which Faith inspir'd, and Elegance refin'd.
She pass'd, with Truth, her inoffensive days,
In deeds of honor, and her Maker's praise!
Whoe'er thou art, by Pride or Pity led,
Muse as you read this record of the dead.
If Flatt'ry hails thee beautiful or wise,
Now learn how soon that wit, that beauty dies.
If Vanity should tint thy follies o'er,
Shrink on reflection, and be vain no more.
This hallow'd clay, ah me! could once give birth,
To brilliant thought, and charitable mirth!
Tho' now within the precincts of the tomb,
The valu'd atoms of her frame consume;
By tyrant Death, from admiration driv'n,
That Grace on earth is now a Saint in heaven!

EPITAPH on MR. WILLIAM GARDNER,
*Late Purser of his Majesty's Sloop the SCORPION, who
died at Barbadoes in 1788.*

IN cold obstruction, 'neath this vernal spot,
My friend's consign'd by Destiny to rot.
As Scipio continent, as Cæsar brave,
He scorn'd a tyrant, and he scoff'd a slave;
Tho' his heart's guardians would not nurture Fear,
That heart to Misery gave the votive tear.
When Fate remov'd him from the social van,
He smote a Christian, Briton, and a Man!

AN
ELEGY
TO THE
MEMORY OF A LADY.

LOVELY SABRINA, are your pulses cold,
Has Fate's bleak minion cleft your frame at last?
Must I no more such excellence enfold,
Are all the ecstasies of being past?

Will all the agonies of poignant woe,
Will all the elocution of my sighs;
Annul the evils of a mortal blow,
Or pour the beam of day upon your eyes?

Ah no! then I must live and feed my fears,
To watch your sepulchre, reflect and grieve
The live long night, to meet the dawn with tears,
And weep till Philomel salutes the eve.

Tho' finewy genius would my pangs rehearse,
No springs of fancy can reduce the ill;
The aids of fiction but degrade the verse,
Whene'er the heart would dictate to the will.

Image of peace, my placid nymph, adieu,
 Hither on Sorrow's wing ye little loves;
 O'er her cold tomb your sprigs of Cypress strew,
 Her heart was gentle as your mother's doves.

As Ruin melts her atoms by degrees,
 And violets rise to scent the ambient air,
 I'll shield their buddings from the peevish breeze
 And dress the mould with reverential care.

AN
ELEGIAC INVOCATION

T I M E.

On the death of FREDERICK PILON, *Esq.*

TURN, ruthless Tyrant, in thy fell career,
And give me back those transports which are flown;
Restore those blessings which I held so dear,
Those fleeting joys thy keen edg'd scythe has mown.

Vain are the roseate prospects of our days,
And vain the strugglings of the fair and wise;
While your bleak ministry can rive the bays,
Or draw their mantle over virgin eyes.

I knew the swain whose glories you have shorn,
And hail'd that knowledge with a grateful tongue;
From him I learn'd o'er weeping Worth to mourn,
And priz'd the moral that he said or sung.

His thought was ample and his wit refin'd,
Meek Pity led him oft to Want's abode;
His means were ill-proportion'd to his mind,
And sunshine seldom gleam'd upon his road.

Oh! sheath my feelings, ever pitying heav'n,
 When stricken Amity foregoes his breath;
 To me the harsher attributes be giv'n,
 Then, apathis'd, I'll scan the bed of death.

But should I thus intemperate complain,
 Can Grief's sad tribute manhood's pride destroy;
 That nerve which adds new poignancy to pain,
 Can smoothe and elevate the stream of joy.

VERSES

V E R S E S *

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A
PILGRIM,

*At the MASQUERADE, held in the MUSIC ROOM,
Fishamble-street, Dublin, in the Winter of 1779.*

SINCE SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

PITY, ye virgins of this isle,
To whom I kneel, to whom I pray,
Oh Charity ! sweet handmaid, smile,
To cheer a Pilgrim on his way.

The peerless nymph who stole my peace,
Is gone, and left her slave behind ;
Ah me ! that faith should ever cease,
Or vows be changeful as the wind.

More potent far her power is known,
Than Circe's spell, to waken Grief ;
Or Nepthe's charming, envied zone,
Or Passion's irresistible chief.

* A few of these stanzas were originally written by a Gentleman of Dublin, and altered by me, and some have been ingrafted by Mr. MACNALLY in his Opera of ROBIN HOOD.

Her breath's like sweets from Eden's bow'r,
 Her eyes the bright empyreal blue,
 Her cheeks Pomona's richest flower,
 Her lips the coral wash'd in dew.

Her mien appals the gazing throng,
 Her language ev'ry sense subdues;
 Soft are the numbers of her song,
 Like beamy Phœbus when he woos.

What points of wit may grace my mind,
 My memory caught from her discourse;
 Thus, iron, to the magnet join'd,
 Partakes of its inherent force.

To find her haunts, with eager care,
 Fatigu'd, I roam'd from clime to clime,
 My plaints were echo'd by Despair,
 My questions scoff'd by fleeting Time.

I've travers'd Judah's barren sand,
 At Beauty's altars to adore,
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
 The wanton laugh, the leering eye,
 Bade Love's devotion not be seen,
 Where Constancy is never nigh.

By

By radiant Hope, in bondage led,
 I pierc'd thro' deep Canadian fnows,
 As savage man uprais'd his head,
 And, trembling, sung of human woes.

Then the bleak wilderness I saw,
 Where Israel's children hung the lyre,
 Ere her proud tribes def'd the law,
 Or God in anger damp't their fire.

On Thules utmost verge I stood,
 And, anxious, look'd beyond the land,
 Till the vast, fierce, high-foaming flood,
 Indignant, dash'd me from the strand.

Alas! tho' here I've sped at last,
 My pulse is weak, my feet are worn,
 My scrip's consum'd, my transports past,
 My being's smote, my honor's shorn!

Pity, ye virgins of this isle,
 To whom I kneel, to whom I pray,
 Oh Charity! sweet handmaid, smile,
 To cheer a Pilgrim on his way.

THE
B R U N E T T E.
A B A L L A D.

Set to Music by SIGNOR MAZZINGHI *and* MR. DAVY
of EXETER.

MY heart's soft emotions admit no disguise,
To cheat the gay nymphs of the plain,
As the passions I feel are confess'd by mine eyes,
And Love shews the wounds of the swain.
Such, such were my complaints, when I happily met,
The arch hazel eyes of my lovely Brunette.

The wandering kidlings that scud o'er the hills,
Leave their browsing to list to her lay,
She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
And arrests the bright chariot of day;
The Winds stop enraptur'd to list to my Bet,
And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Tho' Hebe was beauteous, those beauties would fade,
If arrang'd by my bonny B E T 's side;
When Nature created the peerless young maid,
She wrought her blest atoms with pride.
For smiles see expectant blythe cupids are met,
To couch in her dimples, and arm the Brunette.

Had

Had I all the wealth that stern Avarice fought,
 When he ravag'd the glittering mine ;
 Had I all the treasures which Croesus had bought,
 The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine.
 But trifles, like these, are despis'd by my Bet,
 For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette !

HUNTING SONG.

Set to Music by DR. ARNOLD.

WHEN the fore-head of Phœbus illumines the east,
And the lark hails the birth of the morn;
I shake off the mantle that's woven by Rest,
And obey the rebuke of the horn:
Then the chase, the blythe chase, gives a zest to the day,
And Thought sinks immers'd in the loud hark away.

How weak are mankind thus to brood over ill,
Whose hearts were for happiness made;
When the hunter's shrill note gives the cue to the will,
And Echo repeats what he said.
Then who'd give to Morpheus one moment of day,
When the horn glads the senses with hark! hark away!

Of old lovely Dian, with buskin and spear,
Brush'd the glistening dew from the plain;
And the sports of celestials could never compare
With the transports of Dy and her train;
Who cheer'd her fleet pack as the stag stood at bay,
And awoke heaven's envy with hark! hark away!

Tho'

Tho' Diogenes liv'd, as the tyrant of Mirth,
 To the good of Humanity blind;
 Had he follow'd the chace, not a doubt of man's worth
 Would have enter'd his agoniz'd mind:
 For if Care cross our path not a being will stay,
 But scoff his vile mandates, with hark! hark away!

WHEN the fore-head of Phœbus illumines the
 And the lark hails the birth of the morn
 I shake off the mantle that's woven by Relf
 And obey the rebuke of the born
 Then the chide, the dylid chide, gives a rest to the day
 And Thought thus merrily in the loud hark away

How weak are mankind thus to brood over ill
 Whose hearts were torments made
 When the honest's fall note gives the cue to the will
 And Echo repeats what he said
 Then who'd give to Melpomene one moment of day
 When the horn glads the tentles with hark! hark away

T H T

Of old lovely Dian with bulkin and spear
 Bruth'd the glittering dew from the plain
 And the ports of celestial could never compare
 With the transports of Py and her train
 Who cheer'd her feet back as the flag stood at bay
 And awoke heaven's cry with hark! hark away

Tho'

The Discharge of the
The good of the
had be follow'd the same, not a single of man's death
Ward here enter'd, & the
For if I can't find out how a body will live,
I'll find him the strongest, with back & arms away

THE

THE
PATH
OF
INFAMY.
A
POEM.

RICHARD BROCKELSBY, M.D.

1818
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the above named subject. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Richard Brockelsby, M.D.

And obedient servant,
Richard Brockelsby, M.D.

The Author.

T O

RICHARD BROCKELSBY, M.D.

S I R,

IF any vanity directs me in this measure, it is in wishing the world to know that you are my friend. — When the bosom associate of JOHNSON and GOLDSMITH praises my poetical efforts, I flatter myself they are not entirely contemptible. The following Trifle was begun at a very early period of my life, when I was under the tuition of DR. TOWNLEY in the sixth form of Merchant Taylors School. — You will be so kind as to receive it as my virgin poem, and proportion your charity accordingly.

I am, S I R,

With great respect,

Your much obliged,

And obedient servant,

The Author.

THE
P A T H
O
I N F A M Y.

SURE Love was delegated, blythe and blest,
To warm, to amplify the human breast.
Love warms the weary savage when he goes
Thro' Nemea's desarts, or Norwegia's snows;
Strengthens the Indian lab'ring in the mine,
And gladdens him who pants beneath the line;
Fix'd the great cause from whence our joys began,
And gave refinement to perturbed man.
The wanton God, disportive with his skill,
Breaks the frail texture of the female will;
Directs the nymph devoted to his pow'r,
And guides the wish to meet the varying hour.
Inconstant Chloe then we should not blame,
Who acts obedient to th' impulsive flame.

With sympathetic sigh we read of those,
Whose passion prov'd the basis of their woes,
Whose hapless tales illumine the classic page,
In **CLEOPATRA's** death, and **DIDO's** rage.
How

How sweetly tuneful SAPPHO could complain
 LEANDER'S fate, and ARIADNE'S pain;
 BYBLIS, her guilty passion and her tears,
 Sad ELOISE, and PROCRIS jealous fears.
 The noble ardor Reason should restrain,
 Unbridl'd Love engenders mental pain.

I sing of ELLA, poor, ill-fated maid,
 By ruthless man abandon'd and betray'd;
 A peerless child, to old ARACTUS giv'n,
 To cheer the eve of life, by pitying heav'n.
 Her form was moulded by the hand of Grace,
 And Beauty sat triumphant in her face;
 Her perfect mind, the theme of rival lays,
 Beggar'd encomium, and exhausted praise.
 With Honour's noblest emanations fraught,
 Untouch'd, un sullied by licentious thought,
 Born to diffuse delight, instruct, and please,
 She blended wit, humility, and ease;
 Lovely to all, enliven'd court or plain,
 The sons of fashion, and the sylvan swain;
 The youth assail'd her in a suppliant throng,
 And woo'd their mistress in harmonious song;
 Till ELLA'S name, mid lyric numbers shone,
 In sonnets Ovid had been proud to own.
 Infirm ARACTUS, with young joy, survey'd
 Their adoration of the lovely maid!
 To men like him Athenian loins gave birth,
 When pagan morals strengthen'd human worth.

His

With

With

With rapturous smile he beckon'd nymphs and swains,
 And half untenanted the neighbouring plains;
 The op'ning gates receiv'd the brilliant throng,
 Of motley masquers and the sons of song.

Amid the laughter-loving groupe, there came
 A youth, the minion of immortal Fame!
 The wily EDMUND, fraught with subtlest arts,
 To fascinate the clew of female hearts;
 Of vast domains he was the haughty heir,
 And form'd by Nature with peculiar care,
 Replete with ev'ry blandishment of speech,
 To soothe, subdue, insinuate, and beseech;
 His mien was noble, his unbounded mind,
 By the sweet voice of Science, was refin'd,
 Unchain'd by moral law, he wanton'd free,
 The favour'd offspring of Inconstancy.
 With pilgrim habits was the spoiler dress'd,
 The cross and cockle-shell adorn'd his breast,

Mixt with the fair, who crouded Pleasure's throne,
 ELLA with incontest'd beauty shone;
 She beam'd attraction from her hazel eye,
 The magazine of Love's artillery:
 Clad as bright Dian, rov'd the matchless fair,
 A waning moon was twist'd in her hair;
 Buskin'd, she look'd as eager to embrace,
 The Parthian lance, or lead the early chase;

Goad

Goad the fleet savage o'er the mountain steep,
 Or call responsive Echo from her sleep:
 Her neck's white base was partially reveal'd,
 Her ivory limbs a flowing robe conceal'd;
 Its tint an exquisite purpureal bloom,
 More rich than e'er was wrought in Persia's loom.
 Her tresses borne upon the zephyrs wing,
 Her cheeks, like dew-wash'd roses in the spring.
 Elate, unmanacled she trod the ground,
 And smil'd, enslav'd, and sung, and laugh'd around.

To shake her rectitude with mortal charms,
 To touch her mind with passions potent arms;
 Smiting his breast; and gathering a sigh,
 Young EDMUND met the blaze of her eye:
 Destroyed the placid harbinger of rest,
 'And thron'd a rebel in her panting breast.
 Disturb'd, with trembling joy the wounded maid,
 The manly figure of the youth survey'd;
 Her feelings struggled with her virgin pride,
 She felt a rapture which she could not hide:
 His lov'd idea o'er her senses stole,
 And jarr'd those chords which harmonis'd her soul.

Uprais'd by transport, EDMUND could descry,
 The amorous wand'rings of his ELLA's eye;
 He seiz'd th' auspicious hour when love prevail'd,
 And thus the captive mimic nymph assail'd:—
 Turn, brilliant ruler of th' inconstant night,
 Daughter of Bliss, and Handmaid of Delight?

Pity

Pity a hapless pilgrim, doom'd to roam,
 In search of thee I left my peaceful home:
 For you I'd wander Syria's flinty strand,
 And tear the crescent from the abject land.
 The nymphs of sweet Jerusalem restore,
 Their antient honors and their sacred lore;
 Lift up meek Sion's melancholy head,
 And guard those temples where our Saviour bled:
 Breathe but the issue of your gentle will,
 Behold your slave to combat good or ill;
 I'd lay my weary head mid Scythian snows,
 Or where the heat with torrid fury glows;
 Or dare the yawning deep, untam'd by Fear,
 And smile, tho' Ruin shook his ebon spear.
 Such deeds were happiness, would you but deign
 To hear my vows and dissipate my pain:
 But why thus arm'd, to strike the fanged foe,
 With barbed arrow and the silver bow.
 Ah! what avails the force of such disguise,
 The power to wound was given to your eyes:
 There Fate, submissive to your wishes, reigns,
 Born to subdue, and lead mankind in chains.
 Oh! would the wayward Muses but inspire
 My fever'd fancy with that hallow'd fire,
 Which radiant Phœbus exercised to praise,
 His timid Daphne, in immortal lays;
 Then should my verse be equal to my theme,
 Nervous, august, persuasive, and supreme!

Thus

Then would I tempt my ELLA to be kind,
 And sing the conflicts of a sick'ning mind:
 The fleeting moments, envious, steal away,
 And Time contracts our beings with decay:
 Shall we, like idiots, then forego our joys,
 Whom Pain debilitates, and Time annoys?
 When Pleasure woos us with a cherub's face,
 And infant Raptures plead for an embrace.
 Tho' fame and wealth my young career attends,
 Tho' I live circled by unnumber'd friends:
 Yet what are friends, or wealth, or fame, to me,
 I'd quit them all to gain one smile from thee:
 Sweet paragon of beauty, fount of truth,
 Pride of the world, and blessing of my youth.

Thus the dread tenant of the oozy Nile.
 Labours the journeying victim to beguile;
 Draws from his flinty breast a faithless tear,
 And seems most lovely, when the least sincere.

The first soft numbers ELLA heard him speak,
 A deep suffusion ting'd her virgin cheek:
 As bright and beauteous as Aurora's ray,
 When from the east she gilds the new born day.
 The recreant blush crept thro' the faint disguise,
 Glow'd in her face and triumph'd in her eyes:
 Her sighs o'erleap'd the barriers of her pride,
 And spoke a language which her tongue denied.

The baneful incense in her fancy wrought,
 Lodg'd in her bosom and debas'd her thought:
 Creating Vanity, whose tyrant sway,
 Matur'd those evils that disgrac'd her day;
 Like a false minister by complex art,
 She told the secrets of her sovereign's heart;
 There, like a sponge, the smiling traitress lay,
 Imbib'd her duties and usurp'd their sway.

From time to time, from hour to hour he strove,
 To smoooth the features of illicit Love:
 Hoping his theme, by Sophistry refin'd,
 Would move the hallow'd beacons from her mind.
 Still ELLA was allied to Honor's throng,
 Her sense withstood the tenor of his song.

The jocund queen of bright Idalia's plains,
 Survey'd his labours and deplor'd his pains;
 Yoking her doves she left the blest abodes,
 Impetuous sinking thro' th' ethereal roads:
 As soft Favonius flutter'd by her side,
 To chace the fogs from Vulcans radiant bride:
 Touching the earth she bounded from her seat,
 As fragrant herbage kiss'd her sandall'd feet;
 Resplendant Flora deck'd the chosen ground,
 And strew'd her roses prodigal round:
 But ere the gathering herds could wand'ring gaze,
 Or Nature gladden at her beauteous blaze,
 The tender Goddess, blending with the air,
 Shrouded and circumscrib'd the peerless fair:

Touch'd

Touch'd her young bosom with the sacred fire,
 Till all the nymph was passion and desire;
 The fiercer ecstasies her fancy view'd,
 Each sense was strengthen'd, and each doubt subdu'd:
 Wrapt in illusive hope, her breast was torn
 With rapid pantings for the joy unborn.

When meek Discretion, whisp'ring, spoke her fears,
 Love's regent shut the alleys of her ears;
 When modest scruples in her bosom wrought,
 That urchin flew them, ere they rose to thought:
 Thrice she repell'd th' audacious youth away,
 And thrice he ponder'd, ere he smote his prey;
 So much her action aw'd, he'd left her charms,
 Had not her eyes been warring with her arms.
 A time there is, when yielding virgins own,
 That conqu'ring love usurps the mental throne;
 That luckless time the fraudulent tempter saw,
 Embrac'd his spoil, and made her will her law.

What can we do, when fervid Love inspires,
 But own his triumphs, and indulge his fires?
 Celestial commerce! as the souls unite,
 Melting in bliss, and fainting with delight.

The conflict past, the soft convulsion o'er,
 The victor sated and the zest no more,
 Indignant Reason re-assum'd her reign,
 The nymph look'd wild o'er Misery's domain:

Engend'ring Thought suppress her active will,
 Her eye-balls glisten'd, and her pulse was still;
 Guilt's livid pencil banish'd half her charms,
 And Horror wrapt her in his iron arms.

Thus the brown Indian, panting with the ray
 That's fiercely shed in his meridian day,
 Incautious plunging in the cooling waves;
 His languid limbs, the reeking savage laves:
 Led by Delight and confident of skill,
 He gives a loose obedience to his will;
 Floats on the glassy ocean unconfin'd,
 And leaves, unmoan'd, his native beach behind;
 Heedless of ruin; till, with deadly aim,
 A raging eddy circles round his frame;
 Then vainly labours to regain the shore,
 But art is useless, and his powers are o'er:
 The foaming whirlpool drowns the note of woe,
 And draws the victim with the surge below.

Where was the honor to his wit or wile?
 She fear'd no danger, as she knew no guile:
 Her calm ideas, like the genial ray
 Of lambent Phœbus, who illumines the day,
 Reflected splendour on this mortal dream,
 And brighten'd errors with a radiant beam.
 When busy Obloquy's envenom'd tongue,
 The evil points of human frailty sung,

She

She marvell'd Infamy could e'er prevail!
 Her reason stagger'd at the hapless tale.
 She thought the cause of feminine disgrace,
 Too black for love, too hideous for embrace;
 It met her judgment indistinctly seen,
 Weaken'd by doubts if vice had ever been;
 On Nature's tree by slight adhesion borne,
 She hung like snow upon the prickly thorn;
 Unconscious that her worth could be assail'd,
 Where Flatt'ry blaz'd, or social storms prevail'd.

Like gather'd flow'rets in the rage of day,
 Her beauties shrunk progressive in decay;
 Torn from the moral stem which fed their hue,
 Each gaudy tint receded from the view;
 And all those sweets which issued to the sense,
 Were smote and superceded by Offence.
 Her blood rebell'd to heighten her disgrace,
 Fled her cold heart, and flush'd into her face.

Insane effusions gave the fire to know,
 The fable origin of ELLA's woe;
 His heart grew heavy, as he heard the tale,
 His eyes flash'd fire, his ruddy cheek turn'd pale;
 Cold drops of terror on his temples hung,
 Amazement froze the office of his tongue:
 The placid relatives of Peace were slain,
 The dart of Agony transfix'd his brain.

Thus when old Ocean renovates his reign,
 And leaps the bulwarks of the belgic plain;
 He rushes in with a tremendous roar,
 The mounds are crash'd around the rescu'd shore:
 Swift as the bolts of Fate the liquid ruin flies,
 And all the pride of cultivation dies.

With nerveless arm, unstrung by Time and Care,
 He smote his bosom, and deform'd his hair;
 Ere Nature clos'd upon his aching sight,
 With all her stores of temporal delight,
 Thus he complain'd:—Oh! ELLA, cursed name!
 Inmate of guilt, and advocate of shame!
 Her deadly deeds have sullied my renown,
 Circling my temples with a baneful crown;
 Her smiles no future rapture can impart,
 Her crimes have burst the cordage of my heart.
 Is this, oh God! the fruit of holy praise!
 Must this fill up the measure of my days?
 Come, lenient Ruin, expedite relief,
 Annihilate that worm which writhes with grief;
 Bear me from Nature's ties, bisect Life's thread,
 And mix my atoms with the melting dead.
 If Jephtha struck his pious child to dust,
 To shew th' Omnipotent he dare be just;
 Then what should I? to punish Virtue's foe,
 Whose Vices gave her to immortal Woe:
 Led her base mind to journey with Disgrace,
 And flurr'd the glories of an envied race.

That

That man presumes, mid social conflicts thrown,
 To call felicity one hour his own!
 I thought the full-blown gládness of my will,
 Firm as the Cætan or Olympian hill;
 From Peace to Hate, from Love to Horror hurl'd,
 I spurn my being, and abjure the world.

Could we foreknow the perils of our age,
 Could we transcribe Fate's adamantine page;
 Egregious myriads would on ruin run,
 And, hapless, e'er they blossom'd, be undone:
 But Heaven has wisely hid from human sight,
 The seeds of Fate in everlasting night;
 In love denied the future to reveal,
 And barr'd the paths of scientific zeal.

Chain'd, like Prometheus, to a rock of woe,
 Like him my blood and anathemas flow:
 But far more keenly poignant is his smart,
 Whose offspring fix'd the vulture on his heart.

Flush'd with the candid properties of youth,
 She shrunk with sympathy, and glow'd with truth;
 Her dulcet notes could all my ills assuage,
 And lead my Passions from the arm of Rage;
 Whene'er she wander'd mid the jarring croud,
 The vassal tribes with frame and spirit bow'd;
 She mov'd like Peace with Charity endu'd,
 Just dropt from Heaven to heal a mortal feud:

Oh cruel Memory! to blaze the theme,
Oh curs'd despoiler! to obscure her beam.

Come, radiant Faith, thou hallow'd mental balm,
The earth-caught tumults of the wretched, calm!
Who stills the fever of the heated brain,
Whose voice extirpates intellectual pain:
When man's by congregated ills oppress'd,
He leans on God, is succour'd, and is bless'd.
He could no more or execrate or pray,
His spirit soar'd above the realms of day.

Shorn of her beams and fetter'd by her thought,
The fallen nymph the caves of Sadness sought;
Pre-damn'd in sentiment, to Anguish given,
She hid her visage from offended Heaven:
The sisterhood of Peace, who once she led,
Mov'd as she mov'd, and, as she follow'd, fled!

E'en thus the stricken deer for solace flies,
Piercing the forest's bosom with his cries;
As Life's warm blood runs issuing, 'neath the spear,
His vernal inmates scoff each ample tear,
Which rolls successive down his dappled face;
And fly his pains, or blazon his disgrace.

Ere Death's cold finger touch'd her beamy eyes,
I saw the victim, and I heard her sighs;

But

But saw no more, alas! the playful wile;
 The roscate hue of health, or dimpled smile;
 Pale Melancholy triumph'd in their stead,
 The rose had wither'd, and the smile was fled,
 Tho' Guilt had laid the flutt'ring empire waste;
 Her wish was loyal, and her thought was chaste;
 Still modest Habit claim'd her better part;
 Still Delicacy clung about her heart.

In rude dismay, allied to social strife,
 She hung upon the edge of shelving life:
 Like a bruised reed, whose sorrow-wounded head,
 Is bent by tempests, o'er the pool's green bed;
 To fructify that womb from whence it rose,
 And sleep secure from elemental foes.

Her vest flew'd loose, by Negligence imbrown'd,
 Her auburn ringlets trail'd th' unconscious ground;
 Lovely in ruin, tho' by Feeling slain,
 She aw'd rude Insult, and repell'd Disdain:
 Sublime Distress awoke a latent grace,
 And pensive Thought bedim'd her bloodless face.
 My fibres trembled at her matchless grief,
 I claim'd Omnipotence to yield relief.

The immolated nymph thus breath'd her wrong;
 In elegiac note and mournful song;
 Which babbling Echo told the vagrant wind,
 As sympathetic Philomela pin'd. —

Oh, woman ! hapless woman ! doom'd to bear
 The fool's entreaty, and the despot's prayer;
 Whose worth is martyr'd on each vain pretence,
 The slave of passion, and the toy of sense:
 By Heaven uprais'd, when kindred ties began,
 The weak associate of capricious man;
 Who chains her judgment by erroneous rule,
 And shuts her from the philosophic school;
 Narrows her influence by partial laws,
 And pleads the force of Custom as the cause:
 If ductile Prudence slumbers on her post,
 Gaunt Vice assails her with a hideous host;
 Calls forth each wile her faculties to blind,
 And steals the bright palladium of her mind;
 Darkens those rays which had illum'd her soul,
 Then spurns the wretch for wanting what he stole.

Is there no eminent revenge above,
 For violated oaths and perjur'd love?
 Shall ruthless man our miseries begin,
 Yet wanton irresponsive to the sin?
 The brilliant reptile marshall'd every art,
 To brave the prejudice and seize my heart.
 False as Amphissian waves his accents flow'd,
 Which hide Destruction 'neath the liquid road:
 With cruel skill he bent the servile knee,
 And stood, like Ruin, 'twixt my good and me.
 His toils, like furies in th' Æolian wind,
 Bestorm'd the placid current of my mind;

And

And made th' ideal billows, raging, rise,
 Till their rude vehemence had brav'd the skies:
 So quick th' Enormities ingulph'd me in,
 I look'd a Demon ere I knew the sin.
 Once Hope, in garish raiments, cheer'd my eye,
 Renerv'd my wish, and check'd the unborn sigh:
 Ah, sweet Seducer! whither art thou flown?
 While social Demons seize thy silver throne;
 'Tis thine to sprinkle manna o'er the mind,
 'Tis thine to temper the ferocious wind,
 'Tis thine to renovate the fancy's springs,
 Raise the worn maid, and glad despairing kings.

That system once becalm'd by lenient Grace,
 Is irritable, changeful, torn and base.
 Now couchant Guilt may lord it unalarm'd,
 For Rage is breathless and her fiends disarm'd:
 That savage minister by Heav'n's decree,
 Triumphant shower'd all her darts on me.
 See my poor heart, behold its bleeding state,
 And then you'll own that I've exhausted Fate.

Ah me, how limitless my darings flow!
 Presumption hails the utterance of woe:
 We most are prompt to blaze a seeming wrong,
 When Reason shudders at the angry song.
 Oh blot from Mem'ry's seat that baneful hour,
 When Love assail'd me with a tyrant's power;
 My

My virgin mind an easy captive found,
 And my young breast receiv'd the fatal wound.
 Can no harsh penance expiate my pain,
 Or tears of Grief obliterate the stain?
 Not all the waters of the pregnant deep,
 Not all the streams which issue when I weep,
 Can perpetrate an act so good, so kind,
 Or cleanse the tablet of a sullied mind.

When, to renew his bright creative reign,
 The solar God emerges from the main;
 Wiping his tresses, while the matchless steeds,
 Shake from their golden manes the saline weeds:
 He leaves his Thetis in the briny deep,
 To give a wretch to Sight who only wakes to weep.
 How panting Rumour will her clarion tear,
 To pour my tale upon the general ear:
 Then will my ills be magnified in brass,
 Then will my attributes of honor pass:
 Or should some valued deed survive my end,
 Charge but the language of a pitying friend.
 Who'll say that nymph did thus, and having said,
 Both tongue and testimonial meet the dead.
 For Envy's eloquent to mad the throng,
 Sickly their peace, and modulate their song;
 She cleaves adhesively to human pride,
 As tendrils circumvolve the oaks rough side:
 Not the parch'd glebe which Phœbus has oppress'd,
 By opening fissures in its yielding breast;

So

So pleas'd, so eager drinks the gushing rain,
 As Envy's ear the ill-directed strain:
 The noxious stream thro' every cranny flies,
 Poisons their elements, and dims their eyes.
 As Hate enhances the insidious tale,
 And ductile Faith bids Infamy prevail.
 When Hesperus twinkles from his pendant sphere,
 He beams to witness a repentant tear.
 Ah me! where are those happy hours flown,
 When Guilt, when Shame, to ELLA were unknown?
 Then the swift foot of Time was led along,
 By sportive Purity and festive song:
 Careless I slept, unconscious of a moan,
 My Peace unwounded, and my heart my own;
 Then Heaven with pride my guileless being saw,
 God was my guide and Virtue gave me law.

When Jove to being call'd that ruthless boy,
 Who undermines the base of temp'ral Joy;
 Ere he was arm'd to bid his millions fall,
 Vengeance immers'd his baneful darts in gall:
 Inconstancy arose to mould his will,
 And Discord led him to the fane of Ill.
 Tho' the resistless Winds have rudely broke
 A nation's battlements, and riv'd the oak;
 Tho' the vast Behemoth tremendous laves,
 Ingulphing half the tenants of the waves;
 Tho' fierce Convulsions shook Sicilia's shore,
 Tho' the keen Panther gluts on human gore;
 Yet

Yet is that God who toils but to enthrall,
More fierce, more fell, more terrible than all.

Oh, smiling Innocence, how sweet thy charms,
Fed by Delight, and fearless of alarms.
Like Eden's groves portray'd in holy dreams,
Her mild demeanour dwells between extremes:
Her jocund hours peculiar transports bring,
Her beauties bloom in one eternal spring.
Warm'd by Integrity that nymph defies,
The foaming billows and the angry skies:
No peccant humours live within her veins,
The sickly nursery of unborn pains.
Her words, which meek Theology refin'd,
Sublime the frail ideas of the mind:
She gathers dignity from mould'ring age,
And laughs at Time and all his feeble rage.

Bending with woe I pass the cheerless day,
As life's dimm'd lamp is hast'ning to decay:
The triple Sisters scare my aching eye,
Their dusky pinions beat the yielding sky.
They knit in dreadful congress o'er my head,
To catch the nod from Fate and cut my mortal thread.

Then thrice the nymph essay'd, but could no more,
Her body trembled and her pangs were o'er;
Her polish'd faculties no more could please,
The finer senses faded by degrees;

The

The groffer still maintained a tardy fway,
 Like lofty columns at the waning day:
 Pleading on bended knee to be forgiven,
 She fixt her languid tearless eyes on heaven;
 The grace of refignation to impart,
 And ease the tumults of a broken heart!
 No liquid drops in pearly pride remain'd,
 The fprings were dried, the envied fount was drain'd;
 The streams of life, like lazy currents flow'd,
 The flaccid arteries scarce fustain their load;
 No mufic now upon her periods hung,
 She would have pray'd, but Speech forfook her tongue;
 Raifing her arms, sweet Mercy to implore,
 She funk in death and ELLA was no more.

I fee the Virtues frown upon the deed,
 And Innocence witholds her brilliant meed;
 Go, ye calm Sisters, with our woes at strife,
 Who fpuen the weakneffes of human life.
 Seek, with fuccefs, fome unimpaffion'd fair,
 Whom rofeate youth ne'er labour'd to enfnare;
 Govern that Nymph with rational controul,
 And guide the movements of her torpid foul:
 Lead her thro' paths of Peace, unknown to Shame,
 And gild the evening of her virgin fame.
 Then give her to the duft, in virtuous pride,
 Who blamelefs triumph'd, and who joylefs died.

How

How small the weakness when our Ills commence,
 How great the error in the consequence.
 Thus, when a traveller selects his way,
 To cross the forest at the dawn of day;
 Tho' a few mingling shrubs, of texture slight,
 Divide the precincts of the wrong and right,
 Yet should he hapless meet Delusion's snare,
 Hoodwink'd perambulates he knows not where,
 Till sombrous Evening, with a keen delight,
 Presents repulsive objects to his sight:
 Who having journey'd thro' the mazy gloom,
 Finds, when fatigu'd, a Desert or a tomb.

Be ours to execute an envied toil,
 And cultivate, with care, the mental soil:
 Prune the wild axioms of the rising race,
 And turn their feet from Anguish and Disgrace;
 Correct the efforts of the callow will,
 And shew the vile deformities of Ill:
 The milder Virtues to the mind endear,
 And guide the plaints of Reason to the ear;
 Marshall the rash intemperance of youth,
 And press the judgment with this moral truth,
 Ere the firm habits of their lives begin,
 That Peace is incompatible with Sin.

A N
EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

F O R

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MEN aver that the tints of his pencil all fly,
Be it drapery, flower, or feature;
The charge I own true, but that charge proves his
Dont Nature create her best works to depart ? [art,
And 'tis excellence, surely, you will not deny,
Where an artist can imitate Nature !

In the year 1768 Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted a three quarter picture of the EARL OF DROGHEDA: the peer was at that time very handsome, and the likeness presumed to be very great. Soon after the Earl visited the Continent, where he staid for several years, and acquired a bilious habit, which materially altered his complexion. His private concerns calling him to Ireland, he was not a little surpris'd to find, on his arrival at Moore Abbey, in the county of Kildare, that his portrait had sympathis'd with his body, and assumed a yellow hue, solely by the operations of time.

But, notwithstanding all his faults with respect to the fallible quality of his colours, I would not wish to be understood as thinking otherwise than very highly of Sir JOSHUA's abilities: he has been accused of plagiaris'm, in borrowing
from

from antient masters, especially by the late Mr. HONE, but there was more malignity than truth in the assertion. Not only candour but criticism must deny the force of the charge. —When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture and applied to a portrait in a different dress, and with new attributes, it is not plagiarism but quotation; and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste, and may possibly have more merit than the original. When the sons of Jacob imposed on their father by a false coat of Joseph, saying, "Know now whether this be thy son's coat or not;" they only asked a deceitful question, but that interrogation became wit, when Richard the first, on the pope reclaiming a bishop, whom the king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's coat of mail, and, in the words of scripture, asked his holiness, Whether THAT was the coat of his son or not. —I admire Sir JOSHUA's satire and humour in reducing Holbien's swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry the eighth to the boyish jollity of MASTER CREWE. One prophecy I will venture to make: though Sir JOSHUA is not a plagiarist himself he will beget a thousand: the grace and exuberance of his fancy will operate as the future grammar of portrait painters, and be considered as the best efforts of the English school.

A N
EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,
IN
H I G H L I F E.

WHEN BARON BRUTE reproach'd his wife,
For matrimonial treason;
The sportive fair with scorn replied,
She only followed Reason.
If that's the case, replied her Lord,
I prithee, don't forsake her;
But, zounds, my dear, you move so slow,
You'll never—*overtake* her.

A N
EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,
*Occasioned by SIR JOHN LADE's ingenious method of
managing his estates.*

SAID Hope to Wit, with eager looks,
And sorrow streaming eyes;
In pity, Jester, tell me when,
Will JOHNNY LADE be—wife?
Thy sighs forego, said Wit to Hope,
And be no longer fad;
Tho' other foplings grow to men,
He'll always be—a *Lad*.

A N

A N
E P I G R A M,

*Occasioned by a dispute between the EARL of * * * * *,
and Mr. LOCATELLI, the Sculptor.*

A Lordling and Sculptor fell out t'other day,
When the Peer made excuses he sought not to pay,
For a groupe of prodigious fine figures;
Swore the men too *colossal* for Nature to own,
And too *soft* and too crumblous the grain of the stone,
To endure the Elements rigours.

With disdain on his brow, and with rage in his mind,
The proud son of Phidias contemptuous rejoin'd,
And the Peer's high-born attributes marr'd;
The next time I toil in such tests of my art,
I will beg, as materials, my Patron's heart,
For that is both *little* and *hard*.

FOUR

FOUR DAYS MISERY:

A N

E P I G R A M.

In imitation of the French.

LAST Sunday night I lost my steed,
ECLIPSE was not of better breed :
Last Monday night I lost my cousin,
Not one is left me of a dozen :
Last Tuesday night I lost my wife,
The joy, the honor of my life :
Last Wen'sday night I lost my friend,
My sorrows ne'er will have an end.
Pray who can have misfortunes worse ?
I'm really sorry for my horse.

A N -

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY,

*To the Freeholders of Middlesex and the Citizens of
London, for the errors of*

J O H N W I L K E S.

INCONSIDERATE Wits, to whom Phœbus in sport,
Has the weapons of Ridicule given;
Direct many shafts of their acid-fraught minds,
Because WILKES cannot wander to heaven.

But surely they all should make Pity their guide,
To a man so restricted by Fate;
How the deuce should he know or the right from the
wrong,
Whom God has denied to look *straight*?

COL.

COLLOQUIAL EPIGRAM,

*Between Mr. ROSE, and Mr. STEEL, on some rogues
stripping the lead of the Treasury.*

Mr. STEEL.

ZOUNDS, ROSE, some hardy thieves last night,
Have stript the treasury pent-house quite,
And stolen all the lead.

Mr. ROSE.

Tut, man, ne'er mind, we've lead in store
For you, and I, and twenty more,

We've P—r A—n's head,

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

At the CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB, at WILLIS'S;

*On being ask'd if a Gentleman with his spectacles on his nose
did not resemble the Rt. Hon. C. J. FOX.*

ALL comparison's bad, but, sure this is the worst,
Why with Fox would you wish to confound him;
Our friend has his spectacles fast on his nose,
But Fox has them broken around him.

AN

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,

*Between the LORD CHANCELLOR and the Right Honorable
WILLIAM PITT;*

*On the appointment of SIR PEPPER ARDEN, to the mastership
of the rolls.*

LORD CHANCELLOR.

IS it true you've fix'd ARDEN in LLOYD KENYON'S
chair?

Zounds, the law wants a man with a head;

MR. PITT.

That's the reason I gave my friend PEPPER the rolls,
As the courts could scarce furnish him bread.

AN

A N .
EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY
FOR
COMMON ROBBERS.

*" It's harder for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of
heaven, than for a camel to pass thro' the eye of a needle."*

Vide HOLY WRIT.

THEY say the sacred lord of Lambeth grieves,
Because some rogues have stole away his plate;
But sure a christian ought to thank those thieves,
Who've clear'd the turnpike road to heaven's gate.

This is no jest of Epicurean brutes,
But a just dogma by that prelate given;
Riches are clogs to spiritual pursuits,
None but the poor are candidates for heaven.

Then let the lord of Lambeth sigh no more,
(For sigh he does, as vulgar Rumour saith,)
Lest the dull million give their vespers o'er,
And imitative fools forego their faith.

A N

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing a beautiful Lady walking with Mrs. ABINGTON
on the Steyne at Brighthelmstone.*

WHEN blooming LAURA walks the Steyne,
Young, elegant, and loving ;
The Beaus enraptur'd view her mien,
And swear the nymph's improving.
For once 'tis true what Beaus protest,
As thus we know the case is,
THALIA's influence gives a zest
To Beauty and the Graces.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAMMATIC ADVICE

To a Lady of Quality weeping, whose Cheeks were painted.

AH, thoughtless A——R! wipe those eyes,
Nor dim that brilliant ray,
Whose lustre scorches human hearts,
And emulates the day.
Remember nymph, how short the date,
Of every beauteous flower;—
The rose which now adorns your cheek,
May perish in the shower!

A N

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE:

*On Mr. EDWIN's admirable performance of FRANCIS,
in the first part of HENRY the FOURTH.*

NINE-TENTHS of our actors make little of much,
For I know all their worth to a tittle:
But EDWIN's conception and powers are such,
That he always makes much of a little.

F 2

A N

A N
E P I G R A M,

Written on the 5th of November, 1788; when the WHIG CLUB resolved to erect a pillar at Runnymede, in commemoration of that illustrious epoch.

THE finifter WHIGS, in the third George's reign,
Have in general congress agreed,
To erect a huge column to shade the green plain,
In the hamlet of fam'd Runnymede.

What the deuce can they mean by this popular cant?
What end have the caittiffs in sight?
'Tis an emblem of beauty, quoth TRUTH, they call want,
To make the base varlets upright.

It's rather, said WIT, if we think ere we search,
A symbolical offering to Fate;
That one half may be pillars of Albion's church,
And the rest become pillars of State.

THE

T H E
R O U T ;
A N
E P I G R A M.

SAYS PETER to PAUL, I've oft heard of a *roust*,
Pray tell me, friend PAUL, what such things are about?
A *roust*, replied PETER, 's an odd sort of meeting;
Which happens when Folly her inmates is treating;
A motley assemblage, adults, girls, and boys,
Who mangle the absent, drink tea, prate of toys,
Play at cards, and appal Common Sense with their
noise.

A N
EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTIVE
IMPROMPTU,

Written on the window of an inn, at Birmingham.

FOR willing nymphs and generous men,
Birmingham ranks the first of Britain's towns;
Tho' all its streets and lanes, like human life,
Are full of *ups* and *downs*.

T H E
B A T C H O F I R I S H P E E R S ;
A N
E P I G R A M.

SAYS TYRO to CLASSIC, who op'd the room door,
I have met with four words, which I ne'er saw before
In my volumes of Roman or Grecian lore:
I've turn'd and I've twisted the subject, my friend,
Yet cannot divine what these symbols portend;
Prithee, tell me, I pray, what these scribblers intend,
By their *batches of Irish Peers*?

Those *batches*, said CLASSIC, are politic prog,
Like the sops that were given to Hell's angry dog:
And which ideots eat while they're chain'd to a log:
Then, hey presto! enrob'd in gay scarlet they're seen,
With a circlet of gold,—as the mob mock their mien,
They are led to a house where they generate spleen;
And all the fine curs—hang their ears.

A N

A N

EPIGRAMMATIZED DIALOGUE,

*Which took place at the races at HULL, in 1787, between
Mr. WITTY and Mr. FROST, who were betting with
considerable energy upon their respective horses, KNAP,
RATTLE, and PRODIGY.*

IN spite of all *Jack Witty* swore,
About his *Knap* and *Rattle* ;
I'll bet an hundred, bellow'd *Frost*,
My gelding wins the battle.

Done, for a hundred, *Witty* cried,
(The man is somewhat older)
I'll win your cash, and then I'll make
Your disposition colder.

Curse it, why *Frost*, you'd war with Fate,
By such a filly measure ;
Go, kick Presumption in the breech,
And guard your fleeting treasure.

F 4

For

For tho' you deal in *Prodigies*,
 You cannot conquer Reason ;
 Then leave the matter in dispute
 To some more *frigid* season.

In genial June thy influence fails,
 Besides, this truth remember :
 The *Witty* triumph all the year,
 And *Frost* but—in December.

A N
EPIGRAMMATIZED COLLOQUY,

*Which occurred between the Rev. Mr. ESTE and CAPTAIN
TOPHAM, during the Election for Westminster, in 1788.*

W HEN ESTE told NED TOPHAM that Fox and
his GEESE,

Would all trim his jacket severely :

Poh, poh, rejoined TEDDY, a fig for their rage,

As I know all the worst of it clearly.

Let the PARTY, by roaring, and raving, and threats,

Tell the world where the paragraph hurts,

And tho' all may find fault with my *habits* of life,

I'll be dem'd if they'll—**slick to my skirts.*

* This gentleman, among many other extraordinary features
in his character, is remarkable for wearing skirtless coats.

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

FOR

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

KNIGHT of the POLAR STAR:

*Occasioned by the national murmurings on the falling-in of the
foundation at Somerset Place.*

WILL CHAMBERS screw'd from Britain's purse,
Five hundred thousand pound,
To raise a pile, when part was rais'd,
It tumbled to the ground.
But let not Scorn annoy the Knight,
Or make his worth her prey;
He sure deserves a nation's thanks,
Who makes the *base* give way.

AN

A N
E P I G R A M,

*Written at the time of the Coalition between LORD NORTH
and CHARLES FOX.*

LORD NORTH told CHARLES FOX, as they both
sipp'd their broth,

I know by Britannia's queer looks,
That the wench is offended such foes should unite,
And will scratch us both *out of her books.*

Thus FOX, in reply, damn it, NORTH, never mind,
Should she curse our new creed of belief,
She may blacken that page where our names have long
stood,

For we both must *turn o'er a new leaf.*

A N

A N
E P I G R A M,

*Written at the time SIR CECIL WRAY proposed a tax upon
maid servants.*

CECIL WRAY told MISS TRUTH for the minister's
aids,

He would lay a small impost on all serving maids:

Drop the point, replied TRUTH, as friend CECIL I've
search'd,

For maids in filk, woolsey, and camblet,

And am sorry to say they're mere non-descript nymphs,

For I've found scarcely *one* in a hamlet.

THALIA'S

THALIA'S INVOCATION

T O

MRS. ABINGTON.

COME, ABINGTON, thou ever honor'd name,
Pride of my theme, and guardian of my fame;
Forego the habits of luxurious ease,
And deign to act, as you were born to please.
Gladden the motley tenants of the Earth,
Revive good humour, and establish mirth;
With joy-fraught argument pursue your way,
And make the offspring of Despair your prey.
The bleak dominions of pale Care invade,
And bring the force of reason to thy aid;
Drive giant Folly from a sinking stage,
Assume the sock, and regulate the age.
See Truth demands you for a scenic guide,
And all the Passions woo you by her side.
Thou laughing chief of female greatness, say,
Shall Genius perish, and shall Truth decay?
Bless'd by her Ministry, support her rule,
Enforce her precepts, and adorn her school.
Survey the mind of prostituted Wit,
And shew where Honor trembled when he writ;
Whisper the axiom Longinus taught,
And place the Stagyrte before his thought.—

'Tis

'Tis thine the race of Envy to defeat,
 And solace Wisdom on the judgment-seat;
 Where recreant fools in busy myriads croud,
 Weak, tho' didactic, and unlearn'd, tho' loud.
 With polish'd jest to banish redd'ning strife,
 And brighten ev'ry link of social life;
 Strip Falsehood of her seven-fold disguise,
 Admonish Anger, and delight the wise.
 Seize Satire on the wild fantastic wing,
 Assail its object, and apply the sting.
 Obedient Merit waits on thy command,
 As Truth implores you to correct the land;
 Resplendent Phœbus marks you for his care,
 And Virtue adds a postscript to my pray'r.

A MONODY,

A
M O N O D Y,

*Written in 1787; on the DEATH of the accomplished
LADY HARRIET ELLIOT.*

(Inscribed to the EARL of CHATHAM.)

YE daughters of Britain, your pastimes forego,
For the peerless sweet MARCIA's no more:
Let the impulse of sympathy waken your woe,
And the heart's playful wand'rings be o'er.

See, breathless and cold, lie her beauteous remains,
In all the sad ruin of youth:
Too cruel Hygeia! to flit from those veins,
Whose pulses were govern'd by Truth.

Thus erratic comets illumious blaze,
To awaken Delight and Despair:
Ere Astonishment's fated, their splendour decays,
And the meteors melt into air.

How weak is the texture of fraudulent life,
How inconstant the minions of Joy?
They visit the fancy to generate strife,
And smile when they mean to annoy.

Alas!

Alas ! what avails the flush'd rose on your cheek,
 Or the lustre which brightens your eye ?
 Ye fade by disease, yet the consequence seek,
 Ye flutter, ye triumph, ye die !

Amid the blythe circles appropriate to Mirth,
 Go whisper the sorrow-fraught tale ;
 Let Elegance learn, ere her follies have birth,
 That her being is wretched and frail.

Those accents are chill'd by the mandate of Death,
 Where the periods of Harmony hung ;
 That odour is fled which had perfum'd her breath,
 And Eloquence sleeps on her tongue.

Could Memory hide what Affection once sought
 To weave in the springs of the heart,
 Or cleanse from its tablet the records of Thought,
 How we'd prize the oblivious art !

They say that Philosophy subjugates woe ;
 Ah me ! can that nymph have the pow'r,
 When Misery's tributes incessantly flow,
 And Anguish usurps ev'ry hour ?

Go talk to the Winds of her wonderful skill,
 As the Winds move unmindful along !
 Her plaints cannot sooth the repose of my will,
 And my Senses rebel to her song.

See

See the Virtues in deep meditation repine,
 As Rumour rehearſes the theme:
 And the grief-laden Willows all piteous recline,
 To mingle their tears with the ſtream.

When Fate wings an arrow, to rob human kind
 Of a relative CHATHAM held dear;
 The pangs of diſmay ſhake the national mind,
 And Albion deſponds o'er the bier.

Like Rome's bleſt palladium, in PITT's laurell'd head,
 Britannia concentr'd her truſt;
 And ſhrieks when the bolts of high heav'n are ſped,
 To ſtrike his deſcendants to duſt.

MERIT

M E R I T

A N D
E N V Y;
A T A L E.

Written at Brighthelmstone, in August, 1787.

(Inscribed to Mrs. FITZHERBERT.)

W H E N Merit issued from the womb,
To wander o'er the Earth;
Apollo rais'd the infant maid,
And Beauty blest'd her birth.

Each kindred Virtue fed the nymph,
For gen'ral good design'd;
And ev'ry Science beam'd a ray,
To light her callow mind.

Minerva, daughter of the skies,
Assum'd the youngling's care;
While little Loves with transport ran,
To braid her auburn hair.

Serene

Serene Philosophy essay'd
Her judgment to adorn;
As ev'ry human weakness fled,
Like mists before the morn.

Her fancy gather'd all he taught,
And recompens'd the toil;
'Twas clear as Arethusa's stream,
And rich as Eden's soil.

To shape her mien, the queen of Jove
Deputed ev'ry grace;
And all the blandishments of art
Illum'd her virgin face.

Warm'd by the bright Pierian maids,
She wove the lyric song;
With ardour struck th' harmonious lyre,
And led mankind along.

Soft as the breeze of genial May,
Which warms the pregnant ground;
She caroll'd loud the dulcet lay,
As flocks stood list'ning round.

Now Pleasure's blithesome roseate train
Uprais'd her youthful throne,
And Peace the lovely spinster hail'd;
For Peace was then her own.

But

But Envy, like a hideous hag,
 Annoy'd her calm abode;
 If Merit fought the bowers of Bliss,
 That miscreant cross'd her road.

Those fleeting Hours, which Love decreed
 Should ev'ry transport bring;
 The recreant, baneful beldam seiz'd,
 And poison'd on the wing.

Wedded to Hate, and damn'd in thought,
 She ras'd the page of Fame;
 When Echo spoke in Merit's praise,
 Her breath defil'd the name.

Circled by Sin's emaciate race,
 She met the Cause of ill;
 No soft enchantment bound her feet,
 And Phrenzy rul'd her will.

Her steely bosom, fraught with woe,
 Access to Joy denied:
 Her only intimates were Care,
 And Peevishness and Pride.

Her raging passions never knew,
 The influence of Controul;
 Her wild repulsive eye pourtray'd,
 The language of her soul.

With

With infamous idolatry,
 She mark'd her ruthless day;
 On pallid Discord's ebon fane,
 Would immolate her prey.

No kindly motive touch'd the sense,
 To cheat her into good;
 No heav'nly agent chear'd her mind,
 Or purified her blood.

By narrow principles coerc'd,
 And bound by Falsehood's chain;
 She saw the deeds of Merit, through
 The medium of Disdain.

For, deaf to Pity's genial claim,
 She broke the springs of youth;
 Her arts like an infected gale,
 Suppress'd the growth of Truth.

Faint with those blows which Envy gave,
 From Hope, from Solace driven,
 Meek Merit, goaded by Despair,
 Thus pour'd her plaints to Heaven.

' Imperial Jove, all pitying Sire,
 ' Unfold thy sov'reign will;
 ' Say, why am I thus doom'd to pain,
 ' Whose feelings combat Ill.

' Say,

‘ Say, why should Envy thus assail,
 ‘ With keen and cruel art;
 ‘ Or send her dreadful arrows forth,
 ‘ To agonize my heart.

‘ Did Rapture deck her meagre cheek,
 ‘ I never should repine;
 ‘ Ah! why is she permitted thus
 ‘ To shake the base of mine?’

Then thus the sapient King of kings
 To Merit made reply;
 Beaming around refulgent rays,
 And leaning from the sky:

‘ Daughter of Thought, your cares forego,
 ‘ Dispel this gloomy dream,
 ‘ New mould the habits of your mind,
 ‘ The evil does but seem.

‘ Had Fate, when first he knit the world,
 Excluded fable night,
 ‘ Egregious man had never known
 ‘ The excellence of light.

‘ The brightest gem that e’er was torn
 ‘ From rich Golconda’s mine,
 ‘ If not oppos’d to something gross,
 ‘ Had ne’er been known to shine.

‘ Then

- Then go, sweet nymph, enjoy thy state,
- Let Envy nurse her brood ;
- Embrace the points of human worth,
- And give the Harpy food.'

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT

HAGLEY IN WORCESTERSHIRE,

The Seat of LORD WESTCOTE.

WHEN Philip's son that sepulchre survey'd,
 Where palsied Time the stern Achilles laid;
 He view'd the pile with reverential awe,
 Whose frail contents had given nations law;
 Upheld the recreant Greeks with godlike might,
 And wrote, in blood, th' establishment of Right.
 If a rude Pagan thus could step aside,
 To hail the dust once warm'd by human pride,
 How much should I regard this hallow'd spot,
 Where Wealth the indigence of Worth forgot:
 Where LYTTELTON with Honor pass'd his days,
 And Bards bestrew'd the threshold with their bays:
 Where THOMSON led the motley Hours along,
 And drew the Seasons in immortal song:
 This is the bank where POPE his heart explor'd,
 And wove a theme which BOLINGBROKE ador'd:
 This is the vernal avenue he trod,
 Imbibing thought to venerate his God!
 Each tinkling rill, each mount, each dale, each tree,
 Are sacred all, as Israel's ark, to me:

Or

Or Jubal's timbrel, or the Delphic hall,
 Or the Palladium on the Trojan wall.
 In scenes like these, by Inspiration fed,
 Embower'd at Tusculum the Roman read :
 Impell'd by Love and Hope I rove around,
 Yet dread to violate the classic ground ;
 Or wound some flow'ret by my vagrant feet,
 Rais'd from a root that deck'd the muses feat.
 So pale, so panting, mov'd the steel-wrapt bands,
 Who drove the savage Turk from Syria's lands ;
 And pierc'd, with fearful zeal, thro' Salem's gloom,
 To lay their trembling hands on Jesu's tomb.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT

ENVILLE IN WORCESTERSHIRE,

The Seat of the EARL OF STAMFORD:

HERE Elegance and Nature are combin'd,
Here heaven another Eden has design'd,
To charm, to bless the illustrious owner's mind.

Britain's Vitruvius chissel'd out the dome,
Science, with all her inmates, deck each room,
And Exercise witholds great STAMFORD from the tomb.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, decorate the place,
And eke hoar Winter, when fleet Dian's race,
Make woods and vallies ring with all the honors of the
chace.

The doubling fox, on whom the hunter preys,
Thro' the thick copse in palpitation strays,
Eluding ruthless man, and all his wily ways.

Before

Before the mansion, on the vernal lawn,
In wanton movements scuds the agile fawn,
E'en thus we sport with Care at reason's early dawn.

Here oaks erect their tow'ring heads in pride,
Here elms, in rows, belkirt the meadows side,
And spotted trout, elate, mid pebbly riv'lets glide.

Here human wit learns government from bees,
Here choral synods carol in the trees,
And Hygeia freights with health the circumambient
breeze !

Emblem of Time,—behold, the mowers wield
Destruction's scythe, and vegetation yield,
While Flora strews her gifts o'er the new shaven field.

Around the precincts of the gay domain,
Full many a cottage peeps to mock the vain,
Where rosy sylvans doubt if love or life has pain.

At eve, if envious sylph should not annoy,
Circling the hearth, they pass the jest and toy,
And waste their chequer'd beings 'neath the wing of
Joy.

See near yon village smoke Devotion's spire,
Thither the old, the young, the meek retire,
Whom radiant Faith, and Hope, and Charity inspire.

When scenes like these are given to the fight,
The gazer's heart should challenge the delight,
And such the hamlet owns the Lord of ENVILLE's right.

ODE

O D E
T O
S I M P L I C I T Y.

Written at the Leafowes, in 1788.

HASTE, modest nymph, forego thy moss-crown'd cell,
Clad in thy milk-white vest

Of artless texture, by the Graces drest:

Come seek th' adust retreat of these lone groves,
Where SHENSTONE breath'd, ere Fate had rung his knell;
And join the requiem of confederate Loves.

Can you forget how oft, in wooing you,

He artless led the Passions in a throng?

No suppliant ever felt a flame more true,

And Wit and Beauty mingled in his song:

Tho' Nepthe blaz'd, her brows with mirtle twin'd;
Not all her loveliness could shake his constant mind.

In the meridian of his quiet day,

When gentle Reason had matur'd his youth;

The relatives of Phœbus blest'd that lay

He ardent gave, and gave it with his truth:

Pure were his morals as the Patriarch's thought,

And Heaven approv'd the dogma Fancy taught.

Ah, me! that breast which glow'd with patriot fire,

Beneath this grass-green mantle lies entomb'd!

Cold is that nerve which harmoniz'd the lyre,

And all his bright'ning faculties consum'd:

Come then, such fallen excellence deplore;

His harp's unstrung, his minstrelsy is o'er.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN AT

FISHERWICK IN STAFFORDSHIRE,

The Seat of the EARL of DONEGALL.

TO paint the sylvan scene where patriots dwell,
What can besit the doric reed so well?
Had I Theocritus' his art or strain,
Could I delineate, like Mantua's swain,
These scenes, these slopes, these lawns, which Taste
refines,
Should live, like Tully's villa, in my lines.
Here interwoven shrubs exclude the ray,
When he who slew the Python heats the day:
From yonder willows' twining roots extreme,
Affrighted reptiles leap into the stream:
Beneath yon sedgy bank, immers'd in mud,
Gaunt pikes await the tenants of the flood;
Whose silver waves in noiseless current glide:
While stately swans upon the waters ride,
Each like another Jove, who forceful prest
His broad white pinions upon Leda's breast:
Vast oxen lave in yon meand'ring rill,
Fat as the fleecy droves on Tempe's hill;
Or Laban's flocks, of whom the Hebrews tell,
When Jacob woo'd his Rachael at the well!

Here

Here the stall'd deer, in deep ton'd thunder lows,
 Here Ceres bends the orchard's pregnant boughs :/
 And cowslips spread, where many a languid fay,
 Seeks a cool ambush from the fevering day.
 Dryads, whom busy population drove,
 From the light leafy chambers of the grove !
 Now issue from their dells, and clustering round,
 All hail the produce of the fruitful ground !
 Where infant * OAKS, by DONEGALL were sown,
 And form a shelt'ring forest of their own ;
 Cut from their trunks new NAVIES shall arise,
 In after-times, to glad BRITANNIA's Eyes !

* His Lordship obtained the medal in 1779, for planting the greatest number of Oaks, having, in that year, covered upwards of 25 acres, — for which he deserves the thanks of the nation: I sincerely wish that his example may be more generally followed, the planting of Oaks being an effort of more Patriotism than is commonly imagined, as their annual destruction far exceeds their annual growth.

A N
O D E,
O N
HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

FROM Grief's afflictive bed uprose,
Great GEORGE resumes his sceptr'd sway;
As Fate, in pity to our woes,
Restor'd his intellectual day.

The virgin's sigh, the widow's tear,
(A sympathy to Guilt denied !)
The statesman's pang, the hero's fear,
Call'd heav'n to heal a nation's pride :

See, see the rosy-finger'd Hours,
All jocund, every ill destroy ;
Reason's renerv'd his mental pow'rs,
His diadem is smooth'd by Joy !

He'll like the Theban eagle soar ;
He'll strike Sedition to the ground ;
He'll bid the generous lion roar,
To awe embattl'd foes around !

See

See Faction red with rage and shame,
 Blaspheming toil to burst his chain ;
 As patriot Virtue walks to Fame,
 Unclogg'd by Dread, unsmote by Pain.

May Time, who blazons Honor's cause,
 The gifts of Plenty only bring,
 To such as bend to moral laws,
 Who fear their God and love their King !

PLUMB PUDDING:

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.


——— Oh! my dainty KATE,
She is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sod: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself!

SHAKESPEARE.

MY blooming KATE, the Destinies divine
Decree, that you and I To-morrow dine
In social converse—trim thy frame, sweet maid,
Be thou attractive, and the gods obey'd;
When silver-bearded Time has chaunted four,
Cupids shall guide me to my KITTY'S door.

Let Neatness make the silver goblet shine,
To hold libations for the god of wine:
No port home-made, by honest fellows foes,
Of British brandy, cochineal and sloes:
But pluck'd from stems once wash'd by Formia's rills,
Or clusters gather'd on Iberian hills:
Or where the noisy Rhine impetuous glides,
Bisecting kingdoms with his purple tides.
Now Winter's shrieking, chilling minions blow,
And the high mountains are oppress'd with snow;
Be the grate pil'd to square with my desire,
I hate a niggard or in wine or fire.

Taste,



Taste, like a despot, irresistible rules,
 Monarchs and slaves, philosophers and fools :
 Some love the ortolan, and some the pine,
 Some the scal'd sturgeon, some Westphalian swine :
 Some the flat dory, some the woodcock's thigh,
 Some the green turtle, others salmon fry :
 On such rare viands let who wills it dine,
 Be the rich, reeking, hot PLUMB-PUDDING mine !

Now my imagination paints the charm,
 Now my fine feelings catch the blythe alarm ;
 My high-wrought expectation's on the rack,
 My eager lips involuntary smack :
 Not unpolluted maids at thirty-eight,
 Who've caught a luckless dolt in Hymen's net,
 So ardently the lazy Hours entice,
 As I to solace on the virgin slice.

Excuse me, peerless relative of Beauty,
 If thus I point the progress of your duty :
 I love my nymph and PUDDING both well drest,
 When they are perfect I am more than blest.

KATE, if you nobly pant to be renown'd,
 First let your *flour* be exquisitely ground :
 Soft as the pulpy lips of Vulcan's dame,
 White as the smock which shields your matchless frame :
 For bakers cheat poor maidens when they're dealing,
 And give 'em, stead of *wheat*, coarse trash with meal in ;
 The

The next thing in your catalogue of care
 Must be the *eggs*, for *new-laid eggs* are rare :
 As huckst'ring traffickers bring scores on scores
 Of *eggs*, from Scotia's and bleak Mona's shores :
 But those are chiefly damag'd ere they'll sell,
 And hold dead chickens in a foetid shell.

Be very careful where you get your *plumbs*,
 And, prithee, stone 'em with your own sweet thumbs :
 But not those rip'd in Lusitania's heat,
 Nor those compress'd by sweating Indians feet :
 But fruit from Malaga, where Phœbus throws
 His rays around him, and creative glows !
 Then, buy a *lemon* ;—but, my gentle KATE,
 None of that ware expos'd at Guildhall Gate
 By Israel's tribes ; but one LEBECK might use,
 Ample, thin-rinded, and replete with juice :
 Squeeze a few drops upon the yielding *paste*,
 'Twill give a flavour, and improve the taste :
 To harmonize the light salubrious food,
 Spare not the *milk*, but let that *milk* be good ;
 No wat'ry beverage, which wenches cry
 Thro' London streets, and, as they bellow, lie !

Grate some choice *nutmeg*, spice and I agree,
 And sprinkle sparingly some *l'eau de vie* :
 With *cloves* and *mace* inlay the PUDDING then,
 Just here and there, as God strews honest men.

Be

Be circumspect when you procure your *fuet*,
 If you are negligent, perhaps, you'll rue it:
 As butchers substitute oft filthy fat,
 And call it *fuet* — pray beware of that :
 I'd have it torn from some huge bullock's ribs —
 Trust not your maid in this, for maids tell fibs.

Suppose all this arrang'd, the toil near done,
 And you have scrap'd your fingers, one by one,
 Tie it up close, and, when the water's hot,
 Immerse the mixture in the gaping pot ;
 There let it boil, until the genial heat
 Binds the concretion in its central seat.

Remember, PUDDINGS properties are such,
 If they are boil'd too little, or too much,
 The whole intent is marr'd—guests leave the place,
 And Cook and Hostess wrestle with Disgrace.

THE
P H Y S I C I A N
AND HIS
P A T I E N T,
A T A L E.

——— *Throw Physic to the Dogs,
For, I'll have none on't.*

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are in Albion *three* o'ergrown professions,
Which Reason oft has sworn wont bear the test;
Physic is *one*, engendering quick Transgressions,
Of that keen varlets often make a jest.

Just warm from Edinburgh's death dealing college,
A stony-hearted Wight fought Worcester town;
Arm'd with diploma, wig, cane, cough, and frown,
To hide his want of academic knowledge:
There by Pharmacopolists prais'd 'bove measure,
He thinn'd the race of Britons at his pleasure.

No rueful rogue that ever took a *fee*,
Was higher priz'd by Atropos than he;

He

He knew all *arts* to gather wealth or fame,
 Gold was his God, and RUIN was his name,
 Gave *time* and *lees* for *antimonial* wine,
 And, stead of *Rhubarb*, pulveriz'd *brown wood*;
 Ground *oyster shells*, for *alb. Magnesia*, fine,
 Which RUIN thought was every whit as good;
 Gave *snuff* and *vinegar* by way of potion,
 And *chalk* and *water* for a lenient lotion.

I've heard, in rural circles, Slander boast!
 Old RUIN in his day had slain a host:
 But who wont Envy slaver in her den,
 The Doctor felt her stings, like other men.

'Tis said that RUIN, tho' immensely paid,
 Took care, (like Tinkers, for the good of trade,)
 Whene'er he brac'd the *lungs*, to heave the wind,
 To leave an embryo, unborn *Gout* behind;
 Of that sure Common Sense could ne'er complain,
 The cause was policy, the end was gain;
 But if she did, her taunts had ne'er distress'd him,
 While UNDERTAKERS and the DEVIL blest'd him,
 E'en tho' he had been taken in the fact,
 His peers in Warwick-Lane would all have risen,
 Like Drones emerging from their straw-built prison,

To justify the act;
 Nor force, nor fraud, nor subtlety can part 'em,
 When leagu'd to shield a DOLT, who kills *secundum artem*.

But

But to the point,—a moisten'd sot, one DICK,
 An honest ALE-DRAPER, fell wond'rous sick;
 With woeful pangs his jocund mind was smitten,
 Just as potatoes are frost bitten.
 RUIN was call'd in haste to do his best,
 And give Relief to RICHARD's tortur'd breast:
 A *fine slow fever* was the sharp disease,
 Which RUIN *coax'd* with joy, and *snatch'd* the fees.
 He kindly sooth'd the dull, disorder'd ninny,
 And chang'd, for many a rough, long-boarded guinea,
Rec. cal. drachmas duas, sal. vol. quantum suff.
 And all such cursed hocus-pocus stuff.
 The Patient took this concrete as a *bolus*,
 Tho' with a heavy heart,
 He felt an inward, mortal, poignant smart,
 Threaten to sepulchre his body *solus*.

I marvel that the young carbuncled God,
 Or blythe Anacreon came not in the nick;
 To hide their slave from Esculapius' rod,
 And bear from Agony convivial DICK:
 Nor God, nor Bacchant came to try their skill,
 And RUIN goaded RICHARD at his will.

He *blister'd* him with *mustard* and *crabs eyes*,
 A charming substitute for *Spanish flies*;
 Then gave a *lavement* seven times a day!
 Yet RICHARD's malady would not give way.

He

He after lacerated DICK's warm veins,
 Till the blood flow'd like streams from Lincoln's drains :
 Yet not the least were RICHARD's ills assuag'd,
 The more that RUIN did, the more the *fever* rag'd :
 He pour'd *Elixirs* down his throat by gallons,
 Yet could not disengage Death's morbid talons.
 But RUIN, finding that the seat of life
 Was touch'd, and RICHARD's soul and clay at strife,
 Resolv'd to leave no means untried,
 To rescue RICHARD from the Stygian tide,
 Knowing an evil guest was in the house,
 He quickly open'd every nat'ral door,
 Teazing the fiend as kittens tease a mouse,
 Celsus himself I'm sure could do no more.
 He plung'd him in the vapour baths quite hot,
 Just as they throw a cabbage in a pot ;
 There he lay soaking for at least six hours,
 Till Imbecility benumb'd his powers :
 Whenever DICK 'bove water popt his head,
 Pleading for mercy, being nearly dead ;
 RUIN, with furious ardour grasp'd his cane,
 And pok'd the dripping DRAPER down again.
 At last they dragg'd him out, when DICK's loose skin,
 Was sodden'd well without, and wash'd within.

He fretted,

Sweated,

Moan'd,

Groan'd,

Alas!

Poor DICK, what an Afs!

To

To extirpate his ills,
 He gulph'd a waggon load of pills;
 But, growing worse and worse,
 And being brought to Penury's wide door,
 Ragged, emaciate, and poor,
 Mutter'd out somewhat like a sick man's curse!

Old Ruin seeing nothing left to pay,
 Prepar'd, as Prudence urg'd, to go his way:
 But ere he gave the Publican to Death,
 Whose lungs could hardly yield responsive breath,
 Holding the *final fee*, by thumb and finger prest,
 He thus the pallid, piteous oaf address'd:—

DICK, I perceive you grudge this fee I've ta'en,
 But that's a trifle, man, to banish pain:
 Here! take this dose, you'll love me when you try it,
 And who'd want ease, I prithee, that can buy it.

Ah! DOCTOR, DOCTOR, wheez'd the wretch in bed,
 Lifting his palsied, cold, cadaverous head:

'Tis true, your efforts have subdu'd my pain,
 For Death, thro' all my muscles, pulses, bones,
 Now, whisp'ring, tells me, in unerring tones,
 'Twill never come again!

T H E
S E R J E A N T
A N D
D R U M M E R :
A T A L E,

*How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day.*

Vide OLD SONGS.

AFTER they'd gutted Cantia's southern towns,
A SERJEANT and his DRUMMER came to DEAL,
The latter end of May ;
Extracting gentlemen from gaping clowns ;
But neither thought it any crime to steal,
And eke the scantiness of foldiers pay :
Of purl and ale these bloody chieftains drank hard,
And sometimes, thoughtlessly, brought off the tankard.

One market morning, as the SERJEANT stood
Adroitly measuring the PORTREEVE's brain,
Boasting to this vast magistrate of wood,
Of all those Spaniards he had — never slain ;
He saw his Lackey hastening to the place,
With his huge drum brac'd tight across his shoulders ;
To prove he thought such habits a disgrace,
And shew what Power dare, to the beholders ;
Thus

Thus difembogu'd his military spleen,
 And burst upon him, like a culverin : —
 Why! how now, Villain! have you nought to do?
 This is the time to found a *rat tat too*;
 S'blood, fury, thunder! beat for volunteers!
 Or you shall have my halberd on your ears! —
 Hush, hush! rejoin'd his colleague, softly, mum,
 I've stole a turkey—zounds, it's in my drum.

Then thus the SERJEANT to the PORTREEVE spoke,
 And put a serious face upon the joke :

Curse it, Misfortune's thrown into our dish,
 Much oftener than we wish;
 This fellow's run his arm against a cart,
 And cant fulfill his duty for the smart!

I'm sorry, JACK, to see you so distressed,
 But I'll take care to ease this stroke of Fate,
 Go to your quarters, I'll be with you straight,
 And see it nicely drest.

T H E
P R I E S T A N D T H E P L A Y E R : *
A T A L E .

(Inscribed to the bench of Bishops.)

A Famish'd son of Theſpis, who had oft
Lodg'd with Contentment in an ale-house loſt,
By lean Ambition, and the Muſes led,
Who warm'd his paſſions, but, denied him, bread,
A luckleſs wight, but yet, alas ! not rare,
Who beat the drum, and gave the bill of fare,
Creeping from door to door, with ſervile mien,
To tell the wonders waiting to be ſeen ;
When ſolemn Eve ſhould ſtill the babbling throng,
And the rude hamlet liſt to Shakeſpeare's ſong,
Bearing with patient ſhrugs and goaded mind,
The wormwood jeſts of each unfeeling hind,
Tho' the erratic king was meant by Fate
To give ſuch ideots law, and grace the human ſtate ;
This motley moulder of heroic meaſure,
Engender'd when the Planets frown'd on Pleaſure,
Was ſo borne down by Want one ſabbath day,
Not having ate for four and twenty hours,
That he neglected or to think or pray,
So much had hunger ſhook his mental powers ;
Unbleſt,

* This circumſtance happened to the ingenious Mr. CUNNINGHAM
in the county of Durham, when a member of a ſtrolling company.

Unblest, unmoan'd, unaided, and unfed,
 By Accident and Desperation led,
 To a small rivulet meand'ring clear,
 He made a temporary hook and line,
 In hope to stop some speckled trout's career,
 To fate his wishes, prop his life, and dine;
 But in the very zenith of the deed,
 Just as the fish began to move the fly,
 Richly appointed on a mettled steed,
 A fat unwieldy PLURALIST rode by:
 What's this, you caitiff? roar'd the reddening priest,
 Tell me, how dare you seek this crying evil?
 Make you the canons of the church a jest?
 Hark! the bell tolls, to snatch you from the devil,
 The ragged ranter heav'd a heart-born sigh,
 As on the vernal bank half clad he sat,
 Leering, contemptuous, with his dexter eye,
 Beneath the pent-house of his Time-brown'd hat,
 And thus extinguish'd, in a manly tone,
 The pamper'd, haughty, selfish, social drone:
 I trust I shan't be damn'd, as scholiasts say,
 For ever, and a day,
 Tho' I must own I am a fable finner,
 Peter, will sure, receive a wretch like me,
 (For he lov'd fish, and angled in the sea,)
 Whose fiend is Famine, and whose hope—a dinner.

THE
F I S H E R M A N
AND
C Y N I C.
A T A L E.

(Inscribed to the MISANTHROPI.)

FELICITY, by all, is fought;
By some commanded, others bought;
Tho' Happiness to mortal view,
Changes like the Cameleon's hue.

A CYNIC, whose contracted breast
Ne'er gave admission to a jest,
Forsook, one morn, his calm abode,
To muse and murmur as he rode:
Reading upon his mental pages,
The dogmas of succeeding fages;
Yet none could satisfy his mind,
But Heaven had been to man unkind;
Tho' Phœbus proudly blaz'd before him,
His beams, to Peace could not restore him,

After he'd spent the genial day
In sinking, to himself a prey,

And

And raising bulwarks 'gainst Content's assistance,
 He saw an ANGLER at a distance :
 While he was putting up his rod,
 And singing merrily, to glad his God :
 As he apparent breath'd without annoy,
 The Cynic spurr'd his steed to mend his pace,
 And, curious, hurried to the place,
 To find the origin of so much joy,
 The surly seer accosted thus the swain :
 Tell me, thou jocund tyrant to the fishes,
 Has your success been equal to your wishes ?
 So, so, replied the clown, and sung again.
 So, so, is inconclusive speak downright ;
 You trifle with me ; you're dispos'd to quibble.
 Why then, said t'other, tho' I've got no bite,
 I've had—a glorious nibble.

The stricken Ingrate, with surprise,
 Thus utter'd, lifting up his eyes,
 Ah me ! ye Gods, can such a creature be,
 The social intimate of Glee ?
 This moment, Anguish to the winds I blow :
 Fool that I was, to droop with grief,
 When ev'ry trifle brings relief,
 How weak those antients were, who ask'd the Sybil,
 How they might step aside from human woe ;
 When bliss depends upon a—nibble.

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN IN 1785,

On STEPHEN RUTTER, an infirm old man,
who formerly opened the gate at COLNBROOK, for his
Majesty and those travellers who went through DATCHET
to WINDSOR.

ON the west road, which leads you down
To Bath, near Colnbrook's famous town,
Resides a man of low renown,
Yolep'd by all poor STEPHEN.

In scanty ringlets, thinly spread,
The silver locks fall round his head,
And tacitly demand the bread,
Implor'd by honest STEPHEN.

All ye, who would old Care beguile,
Or mirth-impell'd, at Nature smile,
Or save your horse at least a mile,
I charge ye list to STEPHEN.

All ye who seek high Windsor's gate,
To see your king devoid of state,
And learn to be both good and great,
Incline your ears to STEPHEN.

Vol. I.

H

With

With decent smile, and rural grace,
He doffs his hat, and tells his case :
The CLEMENT COTTREL of the place,
They've blazon'd honest STEPHEN.

Perfuation lives upon his tongue,
He melts the hearts of old and young ;
From nymphs and swains the pence are flung,
To solace poor old STEPHEN.

Ere hast'ning Time had pluck'd his wing,
'Twas he was foremost in the ring,
For who could dance, or blythely sing,
So well as rosy STEPHEN.

His fame was spread the hamlet round,
By all carefs'd, by all renown'd,
The village maids with rapture own'd,
They gave their hearts to STEPHEN.

Young Bacchus, with a smile divine,
(For oft had STEPHEN kiss'd his shrine,)
Immers'd his pencil deep in wine,
To paint the nose of STEPHEN.

Each ruby pimple, gazers see,
Holds in its womb, so Truth told me,
A hog'shead, in epitome,
Of Brandy drank by STEPHEN.

When

When STEPHEN dies, as die we must,
 Rich stems will issue from his dust;
 And every bleeding grape, I trust,
 Yield atoms of old STEPHEN.

Hearts-ease and Thyme will deck the place,
 Which Ruin never shall efface,
 Nor vagrant, leaky dog debase,
 The hillock rais'd o'er STEPHEN.

Arrang'd in rows, you'll see his posies,
 Compos'd of cowslips, pinks, and roses,
 To catch the wand'ers by their noses,
 And bid them think of STEPHEN.

He sells his fruit as cheap as any,
 Nay, cheaper, I have heard, than many;
 And gives a blessing for your penny,
 Then who'd not buy of STEPHEN.

His crab stick, with a knotty head,
 His son bestow'd, alas! who's dead!
 When Thought pervades his clay-cold bed,
 Tears scald the cheek of STEPHEN.

STEPHEN ne'er lauded knaves or fools,
 Or touch'd the threshold of the schools;
 He gathers Wit from CHARLES'S RULES,
 While Pity nurtures STEPHEN.

Tho' myriads utter hymns forlorn,
Who fill their cups from Plenty's horn,
Or bright, or dimm'd, each rising morn,
Creates a joy for STEPHEN.

Snug in his hut, he quaffs his bub,
Where Boreas gives him many a rub,
Its size, the Grecian cynic's tub,
But large enough for STEPHEN.

Indignant Fate! oh, dire to tell!
Enrag'd to see such merit dwell
On earth, within a mortal shell,
* Seiz'd half the frame of STEPHEN.

Yet, tho' he bends 'neath Fate's controul,
And comfortless his hours roll,
Unwounded is the manly soul,
Of upright, honest STEPHEN.

Tho' from the page of Science driven,
To him the beams of Grace were given;
He bends his mind in fear of heaven,
So chaste in thought is STEPHEN.

Here

* About this time he had a paralytic stroke, which took away the use of his right side.

Here let the Stoic tribes combine,
And form their creed, old man, from thine,
Then their philosophy resign,
And learn to bear from STEPHEN.

The thrush, the robin, and the wren,
Who fly the haunts of fraudulent men,
Perch on the shelves within his den,
And live in peace with STEPHEN.

An ass he has, both fat and sleek,
Like Balaam's charger, wise and meek;
When Sol's bright rays yon mountains streak,
He's faddled for poor STEPHEN.

This noisy wonder of the plain
Was bred in Beaulieu's blest domain,
Where all the Loves and Graces reign,
And given to poor STEPHEN.

I hope no caitiffs as they pass,
Will steal poor NED, for then, alas!
The man must live without an ass,
And all will fight for STEPHEN.

A
P R O L O G U E,

*For the opening of CROW STREET THEATRE, DUBLIN,
in 1788.*

IN antient Greece, as faithful bards relate,
When wand'ring Thespis sought th' Athenian gate,
Itinerant Muses wag'd their mimic war,
And woke the Passions from a rude built car.
But since, from want, by general bounty led,
Their fanes are spacious, and their servants fed:
Then Science mounted on the Eagle's wing,
Ambition's progeny were taught to sing;
And Jove, to philanthropic good resign'd,
Bade Genius rise, to harmonize mankind.

On this fam'd spot has Mossor breath'd his groans,
And BARRY charm'd ye with his silver tones:
Tho' Sense laments such excellence is o'er,
Their merits matchless, and the men no more!
Strengthen'd by you, new Mossops may arise,
And future BARRYS issue ROMEO's fighs.

The Drama lives to cherish Wisdom's cause,
Illume her pages, and uphold her laws;
To point example to the guileless youth,
And give to Fiction all the grace of Truth;

With

With nervous apothegm and poignant jest,
 To touch the prejudice, and warm the breast;
 By nice degrees to make the Conscience start,
 And tear the reigning Folly from the heart:
 Joy deals her magic from th' obedient stage,
 And woes unreal humanize the age.
 The feeling matron wipes her tear-fraught eye,
 And virgin bosoms heave th' impassion'd sigh:
 For you Tradition rears her motley throne,
 Who make the seats of patriots past, your own;
 Till long departed greatness lives refin'd,
 And godlike morals renovate the mind.

To make that Drama prosper in our isle,
 The aid we covet is—the public smile:
 Blest by the influence of such a ray,
 No ills shall chain us, and no toils dismay;
 The bright Parnassian choir shall lead the throng,
 And Phœbus regulate the scenic song;
 Sublime example meliorate the age,
 And Virtue raise her banners on the stage.

H 4

A PRO.

A
P R O L O G U E,

*Written for some GENTLEMEN who performed a Tragedy
at the Lyceum, in the Strand.*

YOU'LL see, this night, the food of future story,
Stage struck novitiates supplicating Glory,
To make the tides of youthful warmth subside,
To shake our firmness, or repel our pride;
Should lordly censors vilify this aim,
To stop our progress in the paths of Fame,
We'll all bring damning precedents to light,
To justify the error in your sight.
The wrangling bar, the college, and the gown,
Give every day their actors to the town;
If, sometimes, Reason frowns upon their zeal,
They all have instruments to make us feel:
Like social despots they enchain each sense,
Arrest our wit, and beautify Offence.
Arm'd with his brief and band in Rufus' court,
The noisy barrister makes ruin sport,
With forasmuch, whereby, nevertheless, notwithstanding-
And words that poze the human understanding; [ing,
But think, I charge ye, ere ye prove the test,
For acting there becomes a serious jest:

The

The sons of phyfic act a pompous part,
 With cabalistic phrase, and dubious art,
 Reduce your vital streams, and, what is worse,
 Not only bleed your art'ries, but—your purse.
 Divines, but chiefly they are young beginners,
 Too often act when they admonish finners;
 To them, perchance, the fraudful aids are given,
 Who act a faith, suppos'd, deriv'd from heaven,
 Maturing hapless deeds, so base, so bold,
 As honest Satire blushes to unfold.

To you belongs a mercy-tinctur'd trust,
 Ye fair, be lenient, and, ye wise, be just!
 Rehearfe sweet Charity's persuasive lay,
 May your indulgence square with our dismay;
 Let Candour draw th' opinion from the tongue,
 Our minds are callow, and, our frames are young:
 Responsive Rumour flits o'er this ordeal,
 Our hopes are eminent, our fears are real!

V E R S E S,

*Written on seeing the celebrated portrait of Mrs. ABINGTON,
as the Comic Muse, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, at
KNOWLE, in Kent, the seat of the DUKE of DORSET.*

AS late I wander'd through that ancient pile,
Which SACKVILLE's gen'rous race have long possess'd;
Amid its worth I saw, with Thalian smile,
The Queen of Comedy, and poignant jest.

With careless attitude, and matchless Grace,
She look'd with pleasant scorn on Sorrow's art;
As Cupids, couching in her dimpled face,
Beckon'd the fight to chain its kindred heart.

Thrice happy DORSET! to possess a charm,
Whose magic influence can banish Care;
Extatic bliss must ev'ry bosom warm,
In Knowle's domain, when ABINGTON is there.

Thus Persia's chiefs, by Necromancy taught,
(As fabled legends of that nation say,)
Had each a talisman, with wonders fraught,
To keep the ills of human life away.

V E R S E S,

V E R S E S,

On FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

(Inscribed to the American Beauty.)

SOME have presum'd to roam the Cretan maze,
When Reason only gave their Wit a clew;
Or sweep the oozy bed of Persia's seas,
And Hope ne'er bade the labourers adieu.

But none, except by Desperation fir'd,
Have e'er relied on their restricted skill,
To gain those heights, Ambition oft desir'd,
And trace the windings of the female will.

In that frail origin of nameless deeds,
That seat of Gladness, and that womb of Woe;
The mental Olive's choak'd by noisome weeds,
And Worth and Vanity in union grow.

There wish meets wish, and sighs succeed to sighs,
Till each the other mutually annoys;
Their kindred Passions wrestle as they rise,
And what the Judgment claims, the heart destroys.

All-pitying Fate, who gave our race to Care,
And touch'd with pestilence the human breath;
Correct the system, make them wise as fair,
And let our heaven antecede our death.

A C E L E -

A

CELEBRATED ODE TO BACCHUS:

Supposed to be written by the Hon. MAJOR H—R.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON the 1st of August, 1787, between the hours of two and three in the morning, the following irregular Ode, Hymn or Orgie was performed with all due solemnity at the MARINE PAVILION, on the Steine, at Brighthelmstone. The company present were select, and remarkable for their attachment to the purple God, to whom the saloon was consecrated. The most eminent personages were the PRINCE, the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, the DUKE OF QUEENSBURY, LORD CARLISLE, LORD JERSEY, LORD BRUDENELL, MARQUIS DE CONFLANS, SIR JOHN LADE, SIR BOYLE ROCH, MR. FOX, COLONEL SAINT LEDGER, COL. FITZPATRICK, MR. HESSE, MAJOR HANGER, CAPTAIN MORRIS, CAPTAIN PAYNE, COLONEL TARLETON, MAJOR CHURCHILL, MR. ADAM, MR. SHERIDAN, MR. WELTJIE, and MR. RIGBY. Each British Bacchanal brandished a thyrsus, spirally ornamented with festoons made of Lusitanian grapes and laurel, and fastened with the garters of the nymph he loved best. MR. RIGBY officiated at this revel rout as the representative of the jolly god, bestriding a hog'shead of claret: his car was drawn by Mess. HANGER and WELTJIE, who were habited on this occasion as two young tigers. When they arrived at the temporary altar, the facetious proxy for Bacchus ascended into a niche, cut in the wall for that particular purpose. MR. RIGBY's brows were curiously decorated with a wreath of vine leaves, gathered in the plains of Languedoc, [and artfully intermingled with roses. A small breach of harmony took place during this sublime inauguration by an inadvertent measure on the part of MR. ADAM, the senatorial architect,

architect, who operated on this important occasion as manufacturer of the triumphant wreath, and inserted by accident a white rose among the rest; but that point was soon adjusted by the mediation of the PRINCE, and the only future consequence was, that Mr. ADAM blushed, and the white rose withered.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

*The Music partly selected from PURCELL, HANDEL,
ARNE, &c.*

STROPHE.

ILLUSTRIOUS son of Jove and Semele,
Who once lay snug on high,
Within the muscles of your Father's thigh;
To thee we dedicate this pile,
Built for the Heir Apparent of your Isle,
Who must one day,
When Death shall call his powers into play,
Embrace his subjects as a monstrous family:
Look down thou ever gracious god,
Attend thy suppliant's prayer;
Destroy Reflection by thy nod,
And shield us from Despair.
Oh! guard this consecrated haunt
From prostitution vile, and Bailiff dire;
The means to celebrate thy glory grant;
Oh! give us fuel, to support the fire.
Let no base caitiff, arm'd with deadly writ,
Annoy the fancy, or congeal our wit.

Give

Give us Euphrosyne, and all those dames,
 Who wont of old to set the world in flames :
 Awaken Phryne from her clay cold tomb,
 And call poor Lais from creation's womb ;
 That we thy hallow'd progeny may shew,
 Those heathen beauties in an envied row ;
 Eclipse King's Place in meretricious fame,
 And make the abbesses all blush for shame.
 With these united, boldly we'll advance,
 And follow Pleasure in the mazy dance,
 With jocund step we'll nimbly trip,
 As the high mettled tribe,
 The grape's celestial joys imbibe,
 And press the goblet to the parched lip.
 But, zounds ! can we be sorry, sad, or sick,
 Who own the influence of laughing DICK ?
 Oh ! RICHARD ; name propitious to our cause,
 To Virtue dear, and honor'd by our laws —
 Damme, now I think on't, I'll give you a toast —
 But, let me see,
 By heav'ns ! I think we've three,
 Who're in themselves a host !
 DICK FITZPATRICK, DICK SHERIDAN, and DICK RIGBY,
 With many other DICKS that fain would big be ;
 Come, charge your gaping glasses,
 High as if drinking Mother WESTON's lasses ;
 Come, my roaring boys, prepare,
 No *heel-taps*, no *sky-lights* — all fair :
 “ Oh ! give us young AUGUSTUS for a friend,
 “ Priests without fraud, and RICHARDS without end.”

ANTISTROPHE.

Come, stretch your silver throats, my lads of wax,

To join the *thyasus*, and glad the god,
Let each distend his windpipe till it cracks,

And make the heavenly brandy merchant nod ;
That true born Britons may be free from thinking,
And we eternally be drunk, or drinking ;
Empty the Thames, the Severn, Humber, Dee,
And bid their vile, insipid waters flee ;

Then exercise a privilege divine,
And fill the boundless vacuum with wine ;
Guard us, blithe deity, whene'er we sleep,
Oh, lead us from the dangers of the deep.*

If ever I forget thy recent kindness,
May black Perdition strike me dark with blindness ;
May heaven suppress the greenness of my youth,
May I be ravish'd by the naked truth.†

But this is an episode,
That leads me out of the road,

Yet

* Here the MAJOR is supposed to allude to his providential escape, in the summer of 1787, from the fangs of a shark, on the coast of Brighthelmstone, which seized him by the *Glutai*, while he was bathing with the PRINCE OF WALES. When the MAJOR had recovered from his consternation, and solemnly thanked the gods for the preservation of his —, he swore upon the holy evangelists that the voracious fish had a human countenance, and was as like JACK MANNERS as one pea is to another.

† This is highly picturesque of the MAJOR's well-founded apprehensions, when presiding at the ADAM and EVE CLUB, in Pall Mall.

Yet I hope that mine's a muse,
 Who'll readily excuse,
 This wandering of my pen.
 Phœbus, their chief, to crush poor GEORGE will pause;
 If I transgress the laws,
 Because—
 I only vex the lady now and then.
 'Tis BACCHUS only, ruby God, for thee,
 We have established this festivity,
 To thee we give the festal lay;
 To thee we dedicate the honors of the day:
 I beg your pardon, His HIGHNESS set me right,
 To thee we dedicate—the honors of the night.

STROPHE.

May spinsters, impell'd by Love's flame, flock around us,
 May the demons of Sympathy never confound us;
 May we live all our lives,
 With profusion of treasure,
 And kiss misers wives,
 And administer pleasure;
 May this august essay be lauded by that strumpet
 Prodigious Fame, till she has burst her trumpet.
 Let our resplendent Chieftain speak his will,
 His faithful GEORGE shall combat Good or Ill;
 And, mounting thro' the regions of the air,
 Embrace old Jove's proud paralytic bride,
 Or, in a fit of high-wrought fury, tear
 The blue-ey'd Hebe from the thunderer's side;
 What

What say you, lads, shall we exert our powers,
 Arrest old Time, and subjugate his Hours?
 Shall it be said that we despair?
 Not I; nor you; nor you!
 We'll seize that bold usurper, Care,
 And beat him black and blue;
 Let's drag the Woes of human life along,
 We're bold as HUMPHREYS, as MENDOZA strong : *
 And, damme, I'll bet the gods,
 Ten to one,
 Or give them — *the long odds —*
 The thing is done.

Thou roseate child of Semele,
 Protect this jovial family;
 What means this genial light,
 Chacing the inmates of the sombrous night :
 See the god descends,
 BACCHUS and we are friends;
 By heavens! he's taking off his jacket,
 I'll be his *bottle-holder*, while you support the racket.
 Damme, PAYNE, the god for a hundred;
 Done! Done!
 Here's you're fun,
 Tho' his stomach's stor'd,
 And he has got his beer on board,
 The boy, when groggy, never blunder'd.

Now

* Two noted bruifers in the metropolis, to whom the MAJOR
 is indebted for a material part of his education.

Now begin the chorus,
To give him *spunk* to drive the dog before us!

C H O R U S.

Come, spifficate that scoundrel CARE,
Gruel him, bruise him, never fear;
Oh! may the powers gymnastic,
Make the ruddy youth elastic;
Blood! never fear him, tho' he swaggers,
See already how the villain staggers!
Stand up to him stoutly, and *tip him a straight one*,
Now rattle his head, for the slave has a great one,
Cross buttock the vagabond, trip up his creepers,
Darken his daylight, and pepper his peepers,
Now at his bread basket, just in the nick there,
See the dog turns his breech about, give him a kick there.
Zounds! here's a fight should be sung by Apollo,
For BACCHUS will beat the old reprobate hollow.
Now try your might,
Touch him under the left ribs—that's right,
Repeat your blows,
There he goes;
Sew up his eyes,
There he lies,
Never, never, never, never more to rise!

AN
IRREGULAR ODE,

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE
BEGINNING OF THE WORLD,

By three notorious OLD WOMEN, JUGGY ANDREWS,
PEGG TOPHAM, and MOLL BELL.

THREE sprigs of HECATE in three districts born;
The Horse-guards, York, and Grub-street did adorn;
The first, in matchless mummary was clever,
And sold her mother, COMMON SENSE, for ever.
The second beldam all the rest surpass,
In ease and arrogance—to mould the last;
As Nature's powers could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the other two;
Who calls mankind to marvel at her dealing,
And gets her pence by—*literary stealing*.
Such beldams as these ne'er encounter'd before,
And ne'er will again, until Time is no more;
They met in the WORLD, and shook hands like Scotch
cousins,
And were wedded by Fate, to get *monsters* by dozens.

These

These witches agreed,
 In an hour of—need,
 As the only means left them to fatten and feed,
 To mount all at once, on Apollo's own steed;
 And, by joining their *stock*, like three empyric doctors,
 To gorge on men's vices, like bailiffs and proctors,
 The FIRST, a vile sybil, who seeks paupers huts,
 To coax little spinsters with ginger-bread nuts:
 Gave lies and salt-petre;
 Some malice, some metre;
 A few pointless strokes,
 Old songs and stale jokes;
 With witless *bon mots* from a vile memorandum,
 Which the witch did essay,
 Once to weave in a play,
 But Pit, Box, or Gods could not stand 'em.
 The * SECOND presented some well-temper'd fuel,
 To kindle a flame in the WORLD's busy ball,
 As prejudice, pique, or occasion should call;
 With ample decoctions of weak water-gruel;

Some

* When a near relation of PEGG TOPHAM's was at Paris, a few months since, a being of vast parts and experience, but rather forward in its manners, a very extraordinary affair happened, which, if properly managed, would have led to the acquisition of a princely fortune; but PEGG's relative, TEN, has constantly marred the good intentions of Providence in its behalf, by suffering its *effrontery* to overpower its *discretion*.—(This animal is nearly a *fac simile* of the sexless character in the ROSCRAD, and affects to call every thing that is wise and natural—*vulgar* and *indecorous*; it dems, jerks, wriggles, and lifts anathemas on society.) As it was walking one evening on the
 side

Some *cowslips* half wither'd, and ill gather'd daisies,
 An ounce of cramp't wit; and a pound of strange
 phrases;

Which she stole on the side of the Parnassian mountain,
 When she sipt the foul streams from the helicon fountain.

The

side of the river leading to *Place Louis Quinze*, it was seized by three men, and immediately blindfolded, tied up in a sack, and hurried into a *fiacre*; in that condition it was conveyed to a house at some miles distance from the capital—When it was released from the sack, it found itself in a perfumed bedchamber, elegantly adorned with the loves of *LOUIS QUATORZE*, and the beauties of the last century: after refreshing itself with a sumptuous collation, and the richest wines, it was ordered to put itself to bed, when the attendants left it and locked the door: It had not remained long in this situation, before an elegant lady, veiled, entered the apartment, whom it supposed to be the ———. Not being acquainted with the Gallic tongue, it sat upright in the bed, and made manifest signals of distress; but the lady, by a *coup de main*, -----
 -----:—In the evening of the next day, it was reconveyed to Paris in the same manner, and unfacked on the *Boulevards*, without the *Porte Saint Denis*. — Happy had it been for the egregious martinet, if its ill stars had not interfered; but poor *TED*, being of a babbling disposition, and intoxicated with the supposed honour it had received, could not avoid communicating the whole story, with considerable *additions* and *emendations*, to its friends at the *CAFFE DE CONTI*.—Some spies of the Police being present, the exultations of the preternatural fop were crushed in the bud: — it was seized by an *exempt*, — conveyed to the *BICETRE*, where it underwent a severe and exemplary discipline, the marks of which it carries about with it to this day. — it made its escape from confinement, by bribing the deputy of the prison with a pair of white fatten breeches, a box of lip salve, and an old Cupid in *alto relievo*.—Its aunt attributes this shocking disgrace to its having had its whiskers dressed remarkably well when it went to Versailles a few days before, to present some *rational proposals* to a great personage for establishing a commercial paper for the mutual advantage of the rival kingdoms.

The THIRD,
More absurd,
Than the iron-fed bird ;
And whose brains lacked juice like an over-squeezed
curd,

Had nothing of *value* to give but her—WORD.
Except a small treatise 'gainst—*running in debt* ;
And some tomes of the chaste ARETINE,
With a few comic traits of the fair ANTOINETTE,
When she wanders to see and be seen.

With such base ingredients they cooked up a *hash*
A vile salmagundy of unwholesome trash,
To poison the million, and bring in the—CASH.
To these were annexed some potations of *pride*,
With a large share of IMPUDENCE thrown in beside ;
Thus socially damn'd, their conceptions they utter,
And scold, scratch, and kiss, like three cats in a gutter,
Destroy beauteous Reason as much as they're able,
And have coin'd a *new tongue* like the builders at Babel.

K E N.

KENSINGTON-SQUARE.

A familiar Colloquy.

AS four strange nymphs one summer's morn,
Ate strawberries and cream,
The silent Square of Kensington
Became the fav'rite theme.

'Twas Truth and Wit, and Spleen and Rage,
Who met by chance together;
In sweet Pomona's perfum'd cot,
Attracted by the weather.

On what 'twas like, and what 'twas not,
They pass'd the fleeting hour;
But every simile they made,
Seem'd tinctur'd with the four.

Keen Wit compar'd it to a hive,
Where drones in myriads cluster'd;
To feed upon the honey'd stores,
That bees with toil had muster'd.

Said Rage, 'twas built by angry Fate,
To coop up Nuns by dozens,
With this indulgence all might see,
Incog.—their Cater Cousins.

'Tis

'Tis scandalous, said pallid Spleen,
In running this rude style on,
When Pam and the grim King of Clubs,
Are all the men—they smile on.

Then Roseate Truth, abash'd to find
Her sex could be so cruel,
With decent mien put out the flame,
Her inmates fed with fuel.

You all are wrong, rejoin'd the maid,
I know the Square you mean,
'Tis Purity's terrene abode,
'Tis Cynthia's Magazine.

DE-

DESCRIPTIVE VERSES,

Written Extempore at the King's Head Inn, at Rochester.

THE people of STROUD
Talk long and talk loud,
And herd in a crowd,
Traducing their innocent neighbours;
While Envy, by fits,
Mid the congress fits,
Gives a whet to their wits,
And smiles on their scandalous labours.
This place, like an eel,
Where the publicans steal,
Is dirty, base, long, foul, and slippery;
And the belles flirt about,
With their persons deck'd out
In run muslin, and second-hand frippery.

ROCHESTER's a town
Of specious renown,
Full of tinkers and taylor's,
And stopmen and sailors,
And magistrates who often blunder'd;
Coquettes without beauty,
Old maids past their duty,
And Venus' gay nymphs by the hundred.

Vile inns without beds,
 And men without heads,
 By which poor Britannia is undone :
 Extortionate bills,
 Anti-venery pills,
 And port manufactur'd in London,
 Honest DICK WATTS * of yore,
 Their good name to restore,
 Decreed (such enormities scorning)
 Each travelling wight,
 A warm couch for the night,
 And four-pence in cash in the morning.

Old CHATHAM's a place
 That's the nation's disgrace,
 Where the club and the fist prove the law, Sir,
 And Presumption is seen
 To direct the marine
 Who knows not a spike from a hawser.

Here

* In the beginning of this century Mr. WATTS, a most respectable inhabitant of Rochester, built an alms-house for the accommodation of poor travellers; and left a sufficient sum to allow each of them four-pence on their departure. Mr. WATTS being himself a good Christian, and a man of integrity, took especial care, upon every occasion, to discountenance villainy; and, in consequence of his antipathy to roguery, he expressly willed that no lawyer should enjoy the benefits of his donation; being doubtless unwilling that those persons should be indebted to him for a night's rest, whose only pursuit in life appears to be directed against the repose, as well as purse of their neighbours.

Here the dolts shew, with pride,
 How the men of war ride,
 Who Gallia's proud first-rates can shiver;
 And a fortified hill,
 All the Frenchmen to kill,
 That land on the banks of the river.

Such towns, and such men,
 We shall ne'er see again,
 Where smuggling's a laudable function;
 In some high windy day,
 May the de'el fly away
 With the whole of the dirty conjunction!

I 2

THE

T H E
L E T T E R O F T H E L A W.

TH O' the Law's potent letter Ability puzzles,
 We all know too well that it Innocence muzzles;
 Like Loretto's old fane, it yields varlets a living,
 And fools give it wealth, for the sake of the giving;
 The Inns of Court tenants at random abuse it,
 And turn it and twist it whenever they use it;
 As children at fairs use their gingerbread breeches,
 They lick off its gilding, and bite off its riches;
 Its frame wants a head, like JOHN LADE or the porso,
 'Tis so hideous no effort can e'er make it more so;
 'Tis the birdlime of reason to fasten our senses,
 'Tis an engine to punish our moral offences;
 Tho' 'tis cover'd with filth like the stairs of St. Peter's,
 The senate are daily encrusting its features:
 Tho' Wisdom and Worth bade gaunt Exigence send it,
 Yet the more we survey it, the less comprehend it;
 It is crooked, 'tis straight, it is square, it is round,
 Like GIBBONS' odd visage, or Salisbury pound:
 'Tis a thing which rewards not the beings who find it,
 And Hope and Despair play at bo-peep behind it:
 'Tis more difficult far to be right ascertain'd,
 Than the murrane inscription which Daniel explain'd:
 Some tell you 'tis fable, and some swear 'tis white,
 Some aver 'tis polluted, some big with delight;
 But Truth owns it wond'rously guts every purse,
 And proves Knavery's comfort, and Equity's curse.

T H E

T H E
METROPOLITAN PROPHECY.

Written on the report of removing TEMPLE-BAR, in 1788.

IF that gate is pull'd down 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass, prudent, worthless and witty;
If you league Cit and Lordling as brother and brother,
You'll break Order's chain, and they'll war with each other.

Like the great wall of China it keeps out the Tartars,
From making irruptions where Industry barter;
Like Samson's wild foxes, they'll fire your houses,
And madden your spinsters and cozen your spouses;
They'll destroy, in one sweep, both the mart and the forum,
Which your fathers held dear, and their fathers before 'em.

CONSOLATORY VERSES,

*To a Lady of great Merit, who had made some complainings
to the Author relative to the malevolence of little enemies.*

WORTH, like the Sun's creative beam,
Calls Reptiles from the dust;
And, when the noxious race are born,
They crawl, as Reptiles must.

Then shine and delegate a ray,
To warm the poison'd brood;
And since your splendour gave them birth,
In pity give them food.

METROPOLITAN PROPHECY
L O V E E P I S T L E,

*From a FORTUNE HUNTER, at BATH, to a witty
young HEIRESS.*

AH! would I was a shepherd swain,
To watch my sheep on Lansdown plain;
With sweet ELIZA by my side,
My rural, envied, charming bride;
Then sure my lambs would never roam,
Her song would keep them all at home.
To please my beautiful ELIZA,
I'd walk, ye Gods, from this to Pisa;
Mount in LUNARDI's worst balloon,
And colonize the faithless moon.
Your cheeks are prettier far than roses,
Your breath's more sweet than Paris posies;
Yet why should I thus paint your charms,
When Fate may hold me from your arms.
The little birds that rove so free,
Are ten times happier than me;
Say, my ELIZA, must I sigh,
Ah, must I languish, must I die?

Monday Night.

POLYDORE.

T H E
L A D Y ' s A N S W E R .

YOU silly Fop, I know your thoughts,
You don't love me, you love my goats.

Tuesday Morning.

ELIZA.

MATRIMONY,

*In answer to a young lady, who asked the author for his ideas
on the subject.*

'TIS an act of the priest to give Patience a test;
'Tis a desperate hope, and a serious jest;
'Tis catching a dolt, when his wit is suspended;
'Tis a toil, where the labour can never be ended;
'Tis a leap in the dark, which both parties agree,
To perform hand in hand, though they neither can see;
'Tis walking thro' mines fill'd with sulphurous vapour,
Where to find out a path, you must brandish a taper;
'Tis like Tantalus' feast, where the good does but seem,
And both ope their eyes, tho' they're both in a dream;
'Tis going to sea, in a black stormy night;
Which Reason calls madness, but Custom delight;
For Wedlock's a minx who deceives by her sleekness,
As Craft wove a cloak to envelope her weakness.
'Tis a comical, tragical, fiery ordeal,
Where the ploughshares are hot, and your faith is not
real.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH on a PHYSICIAN.

HERE rots old APOZEM at last,
In spite of all his knowledge;
The dart of Death transfix'd his brain,
And robb'd the ruthless College.

Thus lordly Poles imperious rule,
Who make each Province dread 'em;
And lift the sanguinary spear,
To kill the slave that fed 'em.

EPITAPH on an ATTORNEY.

READER! beware the path you tread,
Left, by mischance you wake the dead;
Nor dream my caution insincere,
For LAWYER WRANGLE sleepeth here:
A man to ev'ry demon known,
Who made the statutes all his own:
Conceiv'd in Ruin's baneful womb,
His heart was harder than his tomb.
For forty summers at assize,
He cast a film o'er Reason's eyes:
But now, alas! his toil is o'er,
Who made us sweat at every pore;
For now, removed from mortal evil,
He'll do his best to—cheat the devil.

E P I T A P H,

*Literally transcribed from a Tomb-Stone, in a Church
Yard, in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,*

" Ockone, Ockone!"

TREAD lightly o'er the mossy turf,
If greatness you revere,
Behold this hillock offer deck'd,
And bathe it with a tear.

Here lies poor EDMUND, turn'd to clay,
At fam'd St. Omer's bred;
Ah me, who has so good a heart,
Or eke so good a head.

His little life was (hapless wight)
To every peril known;
But God corrects, (so Patriarchs sing)
The man he calls his own.

Then EDMUND must be blest indeed,
Whose mark'd with many a blow;
But Faith perverted that to bliss,
His senses felt as woe.

All

All patient as th' afflicted Job,
The stripes of Fate he bore,
Nor winc'd, tho' all his muscles bled,
And every rib was sore.

Unlike the race, from Envy sprung,
No vice deform'd his day,
Or Rapine's progeny, who watch
To dart upon their prey.

He never borrow'd crimes from Hell,
To fully Virtue's face,
Or waste in toil, the dreary night,
To smite her with disgrace.

That fraud was harmless to despoil
An Asiatic Chief ;
It never form'd, transcendant man,
A part of his belief.

When Peculation, haggard nymph,
Would soothe his modest fears,
And shew him where Pagodas lay,
He shut his eyes and ears.

With many a wile Ambition fought,
To win the harmless youth ;
Her arts were vain to shake that mind,
Which wedded God and Truth.

If e'er the tribes of Sin combin'd,
To blast a good man's name;
He roar'd like Stentor in his cause,
To shield so fair a fame.

If Plunder sought to steal his pence,
He wept th' attempt to see:
Those meeds are dear, meek EDMUND said,
To Honor and to me.

He lov'd his King, as subjects ought;
Nor e'er diffus'd a story:
In hope the point might dim those rays,
Which form a nation's glory.

Where shall we find such matchless worth,
In these unhallow'd times,
When Guilt can raise her front unsham'd,
Can laugh amid her crimes.

(Piteous, I ask'd each palfied hind,
What Fiend had EDMUND slain?
Ah, well a day, then added they,
" 'Twas *larning* turn'd his brain!")

The bond of death half paid his debts,
The fact is broad and true;
For tho' the gibbet missed the man,
The devil got his due.

IDEAS

I D E A S

T I M E.

TIME's the great father of our race,
Dress'd like an antient mower;
He often seems to mend his pace,
Tho' never once went slower.

Imprison'd slaves accuse him,
The infant can't implore him;
And Britain's youth abuse him,
And spendthrifts run before him.

The drunk in Claret sleep him,
Unmarried girls intreat him;
The watch are paid to keep him,
And rude musicians beat him.

But spite of all these mortals do,
Their Parent to enthral;
He'll call Oblivion to his aid,
And extirpate them all.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.